

Historic, Archive Document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

VICK'S

• MONTHLY •

VOL. 15. NEW SERIES. No. 1.

Illustrated

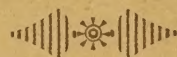
MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, FLORICULTURE AND HOME INTERESTS.

Published by
Publishing Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1891.

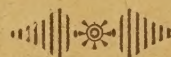
{ Five Cents Each.
Fifty Cents Per Year



THE QUEEN OF AUTUMN

the peerless Chrysanthemum stands first in brilliant array.

Sow'd it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried
"Splendid is the flower."



• AVALANCHE •

• SHASTA •

• MDM. LOUISE LE ROY •

Chrysanthemum Number.

Our December (Christmas) number will be very fine and appropriate to the festive season. One of the illustrations will be the famous Christmas Rose. Send 5 cents for it or subscribe.

Vick's Magazine

IS ONLY

50 CTS. PER ANNUM,

With Fine Premiums.

REDUCED FROM \$1.25.

"A bright periodical for clever people."

FREE. You can have a potfull of



IN YOUR SITTING ROOM WINDOW IN
MID WINTER.

FOR ONLY 50 CENTS

We will send to any address a bunch of "pips" or tubers of Lily of the Valley, all wrapped in moss, ready to grow, and VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE for one year. The Magazine is a very charming publication, with something in it for every member of the family. Full directions sent with the Lily of the Valley for success.

SEND FULL ADDRESS TO

VICK'S MAGAZINE, Rochester, N.Y.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught
situations procured by mail or personally
and for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

FARMERS Saw and Grist Mill. 4 H.P.
and larger. Catalogue free.
DeLoach Mill Co., Atlanta, Ga.

VICK'S MAGAZINE intends to admit only advertisements that are trustworthy. Should, however, an advertisement of a party not in good standing be inadvertently inserted, the publishers will refund to subscribers any money that they lose thereby. Be careful and read every advertisement thoroughly, remembering that you cannot buy gold dollars for 50 cents or advertised articles on the same plan.

Vose & Sons
PIANOS
ESTABLISHED 1851.
.28,000 SOLD AND IN USE.

CELEBRATED FOR THEIR

PURE TONE,
ELEGANT DESIGNS,
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP,

AND

GREAT DURABILITY.

SOLD ON EASY TERMS.

Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.,

170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

FOR Florists, Nurserymen & Seedsmen

GEM STEEL

WIND ENGINE

GEM STEEL TOWER

The GEM ENGINE, when furnished with Graphite Bearings, requires no oiling, no climbing of towers, no hinged or frail-jointed towers and practically no attention, yet is more durable than other Wind Motors that require all this, and more unique in finish. The GEM TOWER combines beauty, strength, durability, simplicity to the greatest extent and has no equal. Both are manufactured and guaranteed by the oldest and most reliable Wind Mill Company in existence, and who built the Halladay Standard Pumping and Geared Wind Mills, the Standard Vaneless and U. S. Solid Wheel Wind Mills, Pumps, Tanks, Horse Hay Tools, &c. No other company offers equal inducements. Send for Catalogue and Prices.

U. S. WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO.

BATAVIA, ILL., U. S. A.



W **BUY YOUR**
WALL PAPER
BY MAIL
AT FACTORY PRICES.

AN ASTONISHING FACT.

WE sell you just as low as any SMALL DEALER in the country can buy the same grade of goods. Each piece guaranteed perfect and full length (8 yards for single roll, 16 yards for double roll); the latest productions of skilled artists and mechanics of the U. S. Do not fail to write us when you want Wall Paper. Entire satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed. Over 100,000 testimonials from well pleased customers in every State and territory in the United States.

We quote a few prices:

PRETTY PATTERNS WITHOUT GILT.....2½c. roll, 5c. dbl. roll.
BEAUTIFUL GILT PAPERS.....5c. " 10c. "
ELEGANT EMBOSSED GILTS.....6c. " 12c. "

All with Borders to match them.

4 to 9 inch Borders and Friezes.....1c. per yard.
5 to 18 inch Gilt Borders and Friezes.....2c., 3c., 5c.

Over 100 Handsome Samples sent for 8c. in Stamps.

F. H. CADY,
305 High Street, - - PROVIDENCE, R. I.

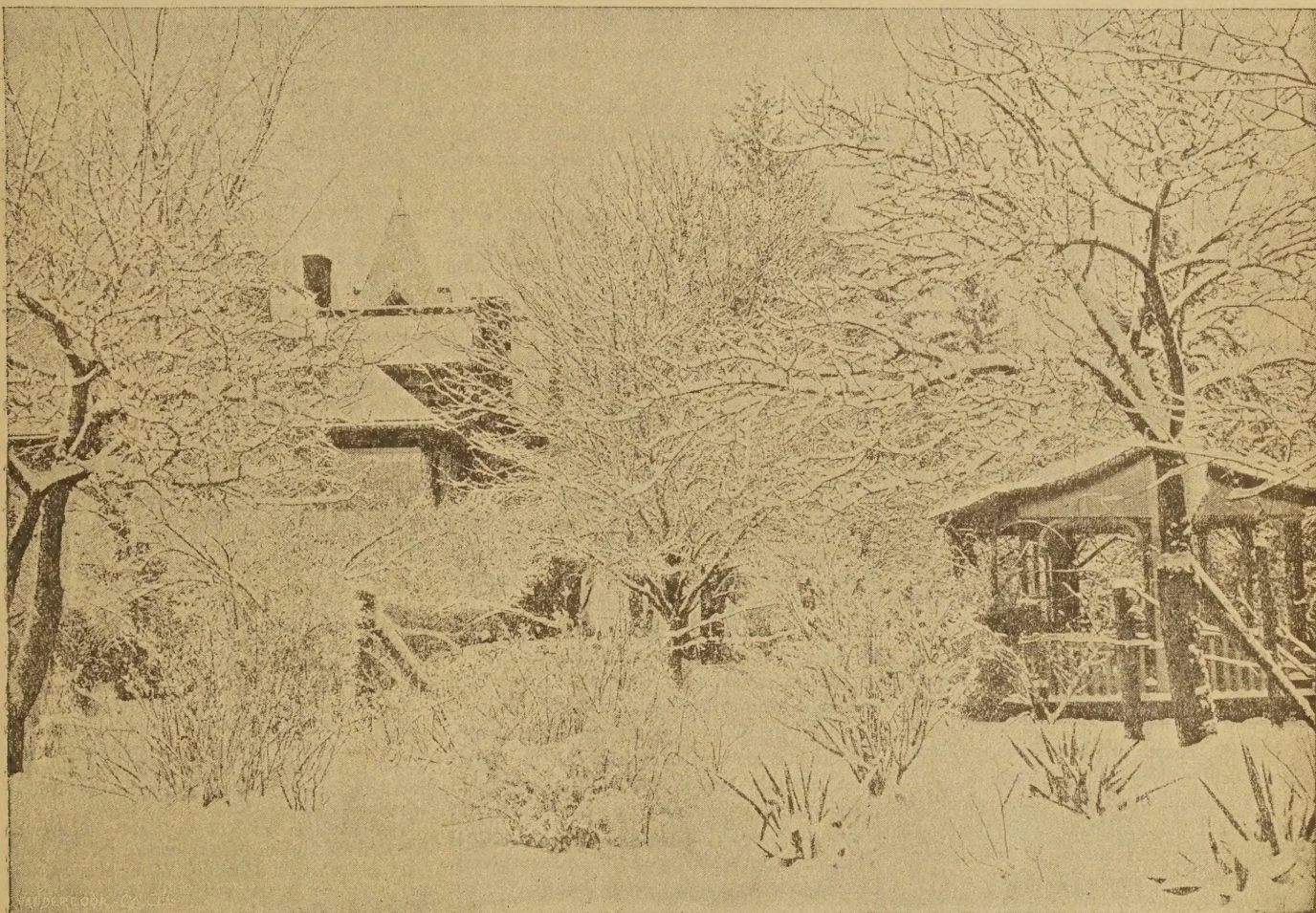
We refer to all bankers and merchants in our city.

VICK'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. 15.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 1.



A THANKSGIVING "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

For VICK'S MAGAZINE.

DORA.

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY CARL FOSTER.

Dora Hathorne was the prettiest girl in the village. Everybody acknowledged it, even the girls, though they *would* add spitefully, "She knows it, too!" Of course she did. How could she help it? Was she not obliged to stand before the looking glass every day for nearly half an hour, arranging those glossy brown tresses? And what was there to prevent her seeing the fair, round face, lighted up by a pair of beautiful brown eyes? But even without the looking glass, she would have found it out, for had not her lover, Louis Newman, told her so over and over again? No wonder she knew it.

But Dora was not satisfied with her personal appearance. She could not help wishing her cheeks were not so rosy, and that she were a little less plump. In short, that she did not look so much like a country girl. She told Louis this, blushing as she did so, but he only laughed at her, and called her a little "peach

dumpling," asking her how she could help looking like a country girl when she had lived in the country all her life.

"Ah! but Louis, dear," and the cherry lips quivered a little, "you are not at all countrified; you have been to college, and now you are going to travel all over the world; and when you come back perhaps you will be ashamed of your little country girl."

"Nonsense, Dora," he exclaimed. "Do you not know me better than that? A few years of travel, meeting with all sorts of people, will make me appreciate my little country beauty all the more."

She was not quite satisfied, but she said no more on the subject to Louis, for it was his last evening with her, and it must be as pleasant as possible.

Louis Newman was a farmer's son, but he had no idea of following in his father's footsteps. Not that he felt above it, for he honestly believed there was no more honorable or independent way of earning a livelihood; but he thought he had talents for a lawyer. His father was firmly convinced he would never be a farmer, and willingly sent him through college. But while he was in his last year a

wealthy uncle, whose namesake he was, suddenly died, leaving him an immense fortune. This put law out of his head for a while, and he determined to gratify a hitherto unspoken wish of his heart, to see the world before he settled down. He had thought of marrying and taking his little wife with him, but Dora would not agree to it, they were both so young,—she but sixteen and he but five years her senior. So they decided to wait. He would be gone several years—they would pass quickly, he said,—well, so they would to him, with constant variety of scene and action, but to poor little Dora, with her daily routine of household duties, ah! they would take their own time.

Dora was an orphan. Since the death of her parents she had lived with her uncle and aunt Phillips. She did at least half the work of the family, which was large, and though Mrs. Phillips would not have acknowledged it, she would, without Dora's help, have been obliged to hire a servant. Many a little frock and cap was rendered wearable for another season by means of her skillful manoueuvering, and Mrs. Phillips' dressmaking and millinery cost her nothing, for Dora was an adept at both. She had never

(Continued on page 4.)

VICK'S MAGAZINE

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1891.

Entered in the Post Office at Rochester as "second-class" matter.

VICK'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published at the following rates, either for old or new subscribers. These rates include postage:

One copy one year, in advance, Fifty Cents.

One copy twenty-seven months (2½ years), full payment in advance, One Dollar.

A Club of Five or more copies, sent at one time, at 40 cents each, without premiums. Neighbors can join in this plan.

FREE COPIES.—One free copy additional will be allowed to each club of ten (in addition to all other premiums and offers), if spoken of at the time the club is sent.

All contributions and subscriptions should be sent to Vick Publishing Co., at Rochester, N. Y.

All communications in regard to advertising to New York office, 38 Times Building, H. P. Hubbard, Manager.

Advertising rates are \$1.25 per line each month, with discounts for length of time and large space. All contracts will be based on a "guaranteed and proved circulation" of an average through the year of 200,000 or no pay.

CIRCULATION.

The actual edition for this month (November) is 200,000. December, January and February editions will be at least 250,000 each.

Circulation Guaranteed and Proved or No Pay. (Trade Mark.)

All persons not now subscribers who receive this number, should take immediate advantage of one of our premium offers, and induce friends to join in a club.

Change of Style.

In the new series of VICK'S MAGAZINE, commencing with this number, the old style small page will be changed to this large three-column page, ten inches long. This popular form will give a much pleasanter appearance, and still have as much reading matter as before. It is not as pretentious as *Century*, *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, but in proportion to the price will contain fully as much matter. It will be condensed, compact and finely illustrated.

It is less expensive to publish it in this form and we reduce the price from \$1.25 to the popular one of 50 cents per year. All old subscriptions will be carried out, and we feel sure that the reduction in price will result in an enormous increase in circulation—so much so that we have made contracts to publish an average of 200,000 copies per month during the next twelve months.

In announcing this change we do not propose to make extravagant promises. Our columns will as a rule contain a clever story, choice literature, with a good sprinkling of articles on floriculture and home interests.

We feel assured that two-thirds of all who receive this copy will take advantage of at least one of the special premium offers made on different pages. Each number we shall aim to make an improvement over the previous one.

Is That So?

Can I have Lily of the Valley in my sitting room in winter? Yes, we will send you a bunch of "pips" wrapped in moss, all ready to put in a pot for blooming, and this magazine one year if you will send us 50 cents (stamps or postal note). Freezing won't hurt them, in fact they flower better for it.

Notes.

A new design for the title page will appear next month.

Let us know how you like the new style. Over 100 subjects are treated in a bright way.

Correspondence that is brief and right to the point is solicited. Questions of all sorts can be asked.

THE beautiful snow scene on our first page is from a photograph taken in Putnam, Conn., and engraved in "half tone" by Messrs. Vandercook & Co., of Chicago.

OUR Thanksgiving story of "Dora" is a charming bit from real life, and will be read with interest. "Carl Foster" is the *non de plume* of a lady.

THE *Great Divide* is a peculiar name of a peculiarly interesting paper published in Denver. Their big Indian in another column, with five premiums, is sure to attract attention.

THE sterling old *American Agriculturist* will celebrate its semi-centennial in their January number with a double quantity of reading and illustrations and an attractive cover printed in colors.

"Friends thou hast and their adoption tried;
Grapple them to thy heart with hooks of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new, untried fledgling."

—William Shakespeare.

Road to Fortune.

The road to fortune is a rough one and filled on all sides with disappointment, trickery, false friends, schemes, etc., so that the man in passing over it has to exercise great shrewdness, industry, perseverance, tact and watchfulness. By the exercise of the latter he passes over in safety and reaches his journey's end. The man who works intelligently, keeps his own plans, has health, is a good listener, has a well-defined purpose and is economical, no matter what vocation he follows, will be successful. Every man has the making of his own way in the world. Luck has nothing to do with it. It all depends upon his own individual endeavors. Circumstances may alter cases, but they do not make the man. He should and must master circumstances in order to achieve success. Courage is half the battle of life and decisive action the other half. What are you going to do? Never talk about it or find fault with others for not doing, but keep doing yourself.

Steady, Earnest Work.

"Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, dig ditches or edit a paper, ring an auction bell or write funny things, you must work," says a self-made man. "If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men that work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives the appreciation of a holiday. There are young men that do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it simply speaks of them as old so-and-so's boys. The great busy world doesn't even know that they are here. So find out what you want to be and do; take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less devilry you will get into; the sweeter will be your sleep, and the better satisfied will the world be with you."

A Prison Lock Maker.

Tobias T. Hudson, who was sent to the Maryland State penitentiary for horse stealing, has proved himself a useful member of prison society. The directors, upon the recommendation of the warden, have adopted a lock for use at the institution, of which Hudson is the inventor. The latter is a student, an inventor by nature, and possesses considerable mechanical skill. He has over 200 scientific works in his cell; and has invented various electrical appliances, one of which is a burglar alarm. To show the officials how easy the thing was done, Hudson recently made his escape from a cell opening on the prison yard by hammering on the padlock which fastened his cell door until the bolts dropped back and the lock opened. Castings for the new locks were made in the prison foundry. A lathe was purchased and set up for Hudson, and he was relieved of all other tasks that he might devote his entire time to the manufacture of locks. In a short time they will be used in all the dormitories of the prison. Hudson has always been an exemplary prisoner and is entitled to twenty-six months' commutation of time. He will be released April 5, 1894.

A Common Sense Present.

A thoughtful lady in the famed "City of Churches" wrote the following sensible letter to a wealthy friend:

BROOKLYN, Oct. 29, 1891.

DEAR MRS. S.:

Your letter of the 27th received, and I hasten to answer it, for I think I can help you.

You ask my advice in regard to a Christmas present for your invalid sister, who is so closely confined to the house in winter.

You can give her a delightful present if you do not object to the minimum cost; it will cost only one dollar, and I know you want something that costs ten or twelve, but if you will reconcile yourself to the low price I am sure the present I suggest will be a delightful offering.

Just send 50 cents to VICK'S MAGAZINE, Rochester, N. Y., and they will send you a bunch of "pips," or young roots of Lillies of the Valley, and their charming little monthly magazine for one year.

You can get a hanging basket for 50 cents more, in which to plant these roots, and in a few weeks they will be in blossom. They will grow in a pot just as well in soil or in damp moss (as I know from experience), and what a pleasure it will give the invalid to watch them growing.

The magazine is full of good reading matter, and will be a cheerful monthly visitor for a whole year.

There! what do you think of my suggestion? I really do not think you could find anything at Tiffany's that would give her as much pleasure as this simple and beautiful offering. Let me know what you decide.

Your sincere friend,

ADELE B.

Mrs. S., in writing, sends us the foregoing and a copy of her answer, which is as follows:

YONKERS, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1891.

MY DEAR DELL:

You are a genius. I'll not only take your advice and send the Lily of the Valley (the dear little bells of Heaven) and the magazine to Florence, but will go farther and send the same present to ten other friends! Now won't that be sensible?

By the way, if you know of a dozen people that would appreciate them just send me their names and I'll have the Vick people fix them out, too.

I've spent lots of money every Christmas foolishly, and now I'll turn some of it to good ends.

Yours as ever, ANNIE L. S.

Ringling the Chicago Belle Again.

"Buckle my shoe, Egbert," said a Chicago belle to her near-sighted fiance.

Egbert went down on his knee like a true knight, but, as he had lost his eyeglass, his vision was a little uncertain.

"Is this your foot, darling?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Aw, pawdon—I—thought it was the lounge."

Egbert is now disengaged.—*Boot and Shoe Weekly.*

CHRYSANTHEMUMS, The Glorious Hued Flowers of Fall.

Year by year the popularity of the Chrysanthemum increases and its culture becomes more and more extended. The present month shows this flower in bloom in all parts of the country. In many of the cities and larger villages Chrysanthemum shows are held where large numbers of plants in great variety are placed on exhibition. Professional growers and amateurs take part in these shows and the public visits them in admiring and increasing crowds. The Chrysanthemums of to-day are greatly in advance of even the best flowers seen among us a quarter of a century since. Probably this remark would not hold true in China or Japan where the plant has been cultivated for centuries, and where any advance in it at this time would necessarily be very slow. But the flower-lovers of Europe and America have now for a number of years given the Chrysanthemum special attention, with the result of greatly increasing the attractiveness of the flowers from the florist's and artist's standpoint.

In its native countries, the Chrysanthemum has been cultivated for at least a thousand years, probably for a much longer time, and the result is, as in the case of all plants long cultivated by means of their seeds, the varieties are innumerable—every plant raised from seed is unlike every other. Hybrid forms produced by crossing natural species have been cross-fertilized among themselves indefinitely, until the primitive characters of the original species have been quite lost.

But, in regard to the result of all this work of the gardener, the art taste of Europe and America agrees with that of China and Japan, and sees in the flowers forms of beauty, which the highest art criticism approves.

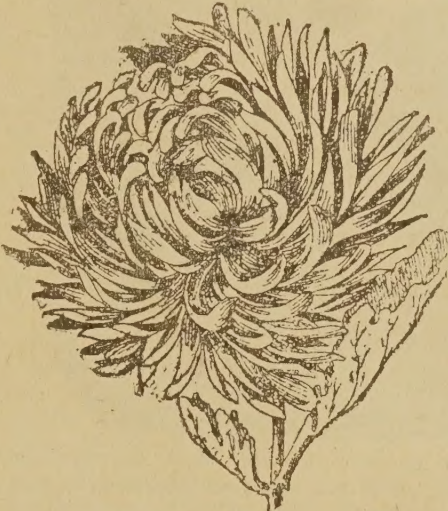
The Chinese have not only discovered the beauty of the Chrysanthemum but have learned that it has uses, for they have distilled a liquor from the petals which they regard as an elixir of life, are in the flowers reduced to a powder their medical men find a remedy for drunkenness.

The Chrysanthemum is a half hardy and half shrubby plant; in mild climates the roots and the hardened stem bases live through winter in the open ground, and in spring are ready to start into growth, making a great number of new, soft shoots, which carry bloom at their extremities in autumn. The habit of growth of the varieties is quite different, some being dwarf and bushy, others tall and slim, some tall, robust and bushy. The flowers are of the greatest diversity of form, color and size, and no descriptions can adequately convey an idea of their peculiarities. In a general way they can be classified as Chinese and Japanese. The former have flowers in a compact head like a Dahlia, the so-called petals being regularly overlaid or imbricated, while the flowers of the Japanese section are large and loose, the individual florets very long, and usually more or less twisted and curled. These sections are each divided into two forms by their florets being bent outwards or inwards, that is, recurved or incurved, and other divisions still relate to size, for the flowers of some varieties are comparatively small, and these are known as pompons.

A style having the florets quilled or tubular like those of the quilled asters gives another

variation. Now, when all these diversities are considered, together with those of the habits of the plants, and especially with those of the colors of the flowers which are white, various shades of yellow and bronze, pink, rose, crimson, lilac, fawn and numerous intermediate tints, it will be seen that the florist has the means of employing this plant for many purposes and the production of a great variety of effects. The different varieties are named to distinguish them and usually they bear their names in honor of certain persons—sometimes in commemoration of places and after natural objects.

The Japanese are not lacking in sentiment in this regard, and the following are some of their names translated: Autumn Mist, A Thousand Sparks, Ten Thousand Times Sprinkled with Gold, Heavenly Beauty, Mountain Cloud, Moon in the Window, Flying Crane, The Devil's Hand, A Snake's Eye, An Eagle's Talons, Mikado, Mikado's Palace, Firewindow, Prosperity, Sunrise, Yellow River, Etc. The names



THE RUTH CLEVELAND.

of some of the European and American varieties show a similar idea to the above as may be seen in Progression, Innocence, Sugar Loaf, Mistletoe, Black Beauty, Sunset, Christmas Eve, Pelican, The Bride, Source d'Or, White Venus, Distinction, Brazen Shield and many similar ones.

The culture of the Chrysanthemum is apparently quite simple, and yet those who have given it most attention think they have most to learn about it. It is certain that a beginner who is in earnest can have a fair amount of success in raising and blooming the plants, while years of experience will still leave something to be learned. The best plants are raised from cuttings. These should be taken from strong, soft shoots in winter, which have pushed out from the base of the plants which have been cut down after the blooming season is past. Some time in January is a favorable time, and as soon as the cuttings have become well rooted pot them off into small pots, and keep them growing, shifting them as may be necessary so that the roots may never be crowded.

Water should be supplied as needed and the plants should never be allowed to suffer for the want of it. After the buds have set the plants should be liberally supplied with liquid manure. During the winter season the plants should be kept in a temperature of about 55°. Warmer than this the plants will be apt to be-

come drawn. After the first potting the plants can be shifted in three or four inch pots, and again into five or six inch pots. In these pots the plants can be pinched back to make them throw out more numerous branches. When the roots have pretty well occupied the soil the plants can have a final shift into ten or twelve inch pots. Light, sun and frequent ventilation the plants should always have. The best soil is good turfy loam and clay enriched by old manure or ground bone.

The different habits of the varieties must be considered in producing plants of proper form, for while some are very dwarf others will grow to a height of four or five feet, and these must not be too vigorously pinched in.

November is the month of the Chrysanthemum, and the season of the great shows in this country, Europe and Japan.

In Japan the Festival of Kiku, or Chrysanthemum, in autumn decks the whole empire with red, white and yellow flowers. The Emperor's birthday, November 3, coming in the height of the season, is gayly observed in every province, gorgeous flower shows being held in his honor. The sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum is the imperial or Government crest.

At the great Chrysanthemum show held this month in the Madison Square Garden, New York, of all the magnificent specimens on exhibition was a massive flower of a very rare shade of delicate pink running into pure white. It bore the name Ruth Cleveland, in honor of ex-President Cleveland's little daughter. Among the fine flowers which attracted considerable attention were the Shasta, the Avalanche and Madame Louise Le Roy, which we illustrate on our front cover. Probably other new varieties will be greatly in demand after this, and this leads to commemorative plants. Why not employ new varieties of Chrysanthemums for the purpose.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think."
—Lord Byron.

No Danger.

Visitor—Isn't your mother afraid, Willie, of catching cold in those slippers?

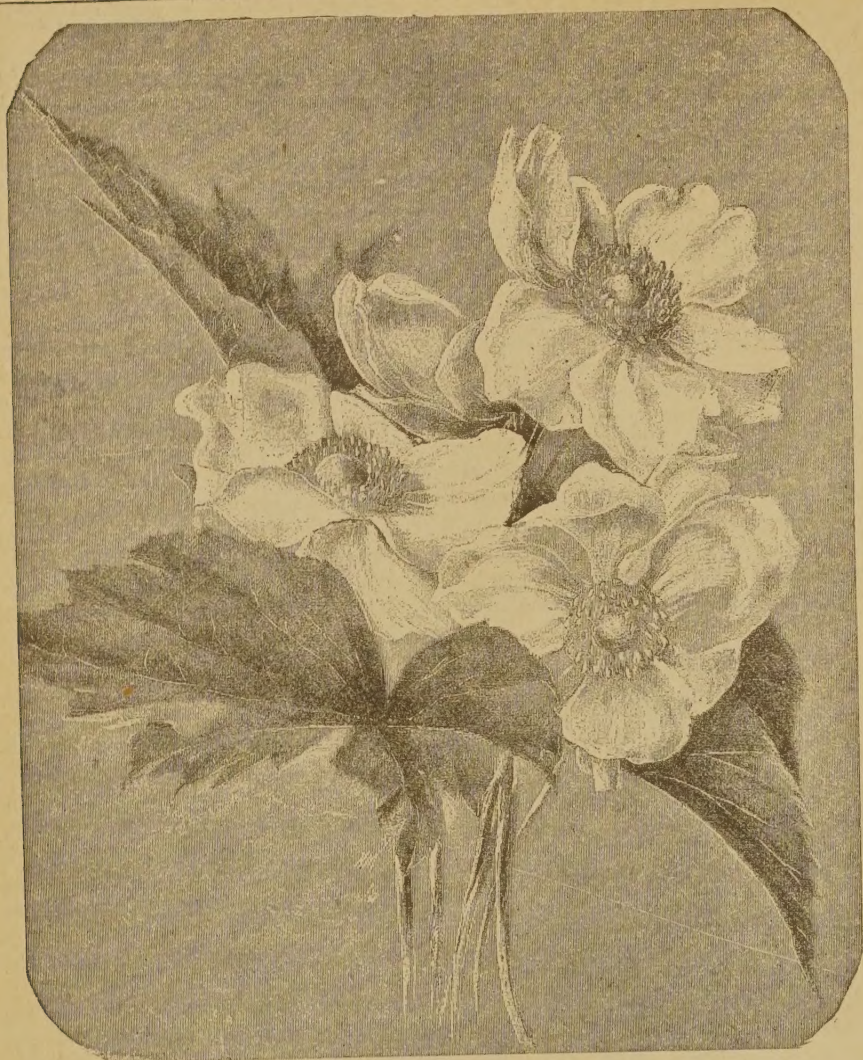
Willie—Huh! I guess you don't know them slippers. Ma uses them to warm the whole family with.—*American Grocer.*

"There's not a harp attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

—Thomas Hood.

Tale of a Cent.

I'll tell you a tale of a man who went to a general store to spend a cent. He bought the goods he was told to get, but they wouldn't let him have them yet. They sent them first to the entry clerk, a weary man with two men's work. He sent them up to be checked and then they sent them back to be entered again. Then came a boy with a braided cap and took them down for a girl to wrap. She wrapped them tight and laid them aside till after lunch, when they were tied. The bundle then was lugged about from pillar to post and in and out, to be entered and checked and examined again; till at last they reached the starting place, and the purchaser met them face to face. He spent the remaining part of the day reaching the cashier's desk to pay, and finally took his goods and went, right glad it was only a penny he spent. "Had I squandered a nickel," he said to his wife, "I would have taken the rest of my natural life."—*Detroit Free Press.*



Anemone Japonica.

A correspondent to *Garden and Forest* contributes some very interesting information concerning this very popular flower:

"The Japanese Wind-flower, as this plant is commonly termed, is perhaps the best of our hardy Anemones, and undoubtedly the best late-flowering perennial known in New England gardens. The flowering season begins early in September, and continues in great brilliancy until frost. The large, dark green, ternate leaves are borne on stout petioles upward of a foot in length. The blade portion of the leaf in its entirety is of cordate outline, and the oblique lateral divisions and ovate central segment have also the cordate character, and are toothed and irregularly lobed. The stems, ascending boldly erect from the thick foliage to a height of from three to four feet, are branched toward the summit, and bear a profusion of spreading rose-purple flowers three and a half inches in diameter. The segments of the outer circle, where sepals are scarcely distinguishable from petals, are very numerous and of oblong form. The bright green, globular, pistillate mass in the centre, surrounded by a broad ray of showy yellow stamens, greatly enhances the beauty of the flower. * * The plants make their best growth, and consequently flower most freely, on a moderately dry site which affords a slight measure of shade. A somewhat sandy loam, well enriched with leaf-mold, forms an excellent compost. Massing is the most effective method of planting, and great care should be exercised in the selection of the

position for such masses, so that the removal of the plants may not soon become a necessity. Disturbance of the roots is almost invariably resented by healthy plants, hence the desirability of using proper judgment in planting. A light annual top-dressing of thoroughly decomposed leaf-mold early in spring will preserve the needed fertility. Propagation may be effected by carefully dividing the roots in spring."

Long Distance Telephony.

The telephone between London and Paris is proving a big success, scientifically, commercially and financially. Electricians say there is no telephone circuit in London, or in England, that works so clearly and perfectly. The tariff is eight shillings, or \$2, for three minutes' use of the wire, and the average number of calls during the last few weeks has been fifteen an hour during the busy parts of the day, and about 108 a day. From records kept of actual business transacted it is estimated that messages are sent between London and Paris at the rate of five words for two cents, an enormous reduction on the regular telegraph cable rates.

Dry Goods Diplomacy.

A salesman should know his goods and his customers, and if, beyond that, he has some general knowledge of human nature he will often find it useful.

"I am very sorry, sir," said a clerk in a dry goods store, "but I have nothing exactly like the sample. The very last remnant was sold yesterday."

"But I must have it," said the customer. "Otherwise how shall I face my wife?"

"Well, now," answered the salesman, "if I might venture to suggest, why don't you invite a friend home to dinner with you."—*Philadelphia Record*.

DORA. A THANKSGIVING STORY.

(Continued from page 1.)

served an apprenticeship to either, but Mrs. Phillips' simple tastes did not require the latest Parisian styles. She did like to imagine she was doing a deed of charity in providing for her orphan niece, but independent little Dora was well aware of the fact that she earned all she received. Yet she was thankful for the home they gave her, and for the limited education she had obtained. If she could only have more—that was the one wish of her heart. It was no idle wish, and it grew and strengthened day by day, until it became a fixed determination.

One day, several weeks after her lover's departure, she overheard her aunt talking with a neighbor, who had run in for an hour's chat. She was busy in the next room, and the door being ajar, she could hear all that was said. They were talking of Louis Newman, of his good fortune, etc., that being the latest bit of gossip. Mrs. Phillips was saying:

"This little place will never do for him again. He'll come back a polished man of the world."

"Yes, and bring a wife with him, perhaps—some great lady from abroad. Though he does seem to think the world of Dora now."

"Oh, he'll forget her in a year or two. Besides, Dora isn't the wife for him. He ought to have some learned lady—someone who can read and talk with him. Dora'll do very well for a farmer's wife."

There was more said on the subject, but Dora did not hear another word. She slipped out into the garden. There she sat down to meditate, and her thoughts ran as follows:

"Yes, yes, I dare say it is all true. He will want someone more thoroughly educated than I am, of course. He will come back, though, I am sure of that; but when he does come, he will be disappointed in me; he will have met with other women, of higher literary attainment than I, and—Oh dear, it must not be so! When he comes back he *must* find me improved and cultivated, fitted to become his wife. I will ask God to help me, and He will, I know. Somehow I must obtain the education that Louis Newman's wife should have."

With this determination she rose and returned to the work she had left so suddenly.

In the evening, after the children had been snugly stowed away for the night, Dora ventured to broach the subject uppermost in her mind. She was alone with her aunt, Mr. Phillips having gone to some meeting in the village.

"Aunt Maria," she began, "I've been thinking I should like to be better educated. You know I have not had a great deal of schooling."

"Why, child, you've had as much as I ever had. I guess you'll do well enough. At any rate, we can't afford to give you any more."

"I know you cannot. I was not going to ask you to. I only meant to ask your advice."

"Oh, well, you can have that. You had better make the best of what you've got, and not trouble yourself because you don't know everything. That's my advice."

"But, Aunt Maria, I am determined to have a better education." She spoke a little impatiently.

"Well, how are you going to get it?"

"That's what I want to talk with you about. I want to earn some money in some way, I hardly know how; but I want to earn enough to pay a year's tuition at the seminary."

"Nonsense, child! it would take you a year to earn it, and more than that. What put such a crazy notion into your head?"

"I don't know; I only know it's there, and somehow or other I must have the money. I have thought of one way. You remember Mrs. Cushman, the fashionable milliner from New York, who boarded here a few weeks last summer. She observed my taste for millinery, and said if I would go with her to the city she would employ me in her establishment, at fair

wages. If I can find her, it may not be too late to accept the offer."

"Well, for my part, I think you had better stay at home. New York is no place for a young girl like you; but you can talk with your uncle about it."

She spoke half angrily, and in a tone that said plainly, "I don't want you to say any more on the subject."

Dora had a long talk with her uncle the next day, and it was finally decided, though not without some opposition on the part of her aunt, that she should find Mrs. Cushman, and at least make the effort to complete her education. A letter was immediately dispatched to that lady, and a few days after a favorable answer was received. There was a good opening for her, Mrs. Cushman said, as one of her girls was about to be married, and if she chose she could board in her family. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of her aunt, in a few days she was ready for her journey. Her trunk was packed, and, dressed in a neat, new traveling suit, she sat waiting for the stage that was to convey her to the adjoining village, for her own could not boast of a railway station. Many of her old, lifelong friends came in to see her off, and she could not help feeling a little sad and homesick at leaving them, perhaps forever, for who could tell what might take place in the next two years? She had kissed them all and received hearty handgrasps, that seemed, every one of them, to say, "God bless you—we wish you well;"—had promised to write to this one and that, and but for the sound of wheels that announced the approach of the stage, she would have given way to the tears that for the last hour she had been trying to keep back. But it was too late now,—they must stay back a while longer; and so with one last good-bye to all, she left them, to enter upon a new, strange life, and her heart was alternately full of hope and fear. The following is an extract from a letter written to her aunt a few days after:

"I really cannot tell you yet what I think of New York—my brain is not clear. I can hardly realize where I am; it seems as if I had gone to sleep at home and was suddenly awakened amidst a great deal of noise and confusion. Mrs. Cushman is very kind and pleasant, but some of the young girls in her employ make me feel a little uncomfortable by their haughty, disagreeable manners. I suppose it is because my dresses are not as stylish as theirs; but I must bear it, for I will not buy any new ones as long as I have anything respectable to wear. I shall not need to buy anything for some time, and I am willing to make some sacrifice for the sake of an education. I shall spend my evenings in my room reading and studying."

It was no easy task the young girl had set before herself; to work very hard all day, and dress very plain indeed, that she might lay by her earnings for the future adornment of her mind, though pretty Dora Hathorne was not a whit less sensitive on the dress question than other girls of her age; and to spend her evenings studying hard when others around her were seeking recreation. But she was not living in the present—she was looking forward to the time when Louis Newman would come home and find her in every way worthy to become his wife.

Time passed on in its customary way and one evening, as Dora sat alone in her room, she realized to her astonishment that she had been in New York just six months; it did not seem three months—the time had passed very quickly to her, simply because not a particle of it had been wasted. As she counted over the little sum of money so carefully laid away, she was almost discouraged; it seemed so small compared with what was required for the accomplishment of her purpose. "I might as well give it up," she said to herself, as she put the little savings-bank back in its hiding place. "It will take me at least two years, and then I shall be eighteen—not so very old either, but

then, Louis may be home by that time. Oh dear!—but I will struggle on,—I will not give up now that I have commenced; but—if some kind fairy would help me!" A minute later she smiled at her own words, and exclaimed half aloud, "Pshaw! there are no fairies in these days; I must be brave and patient, and God will help me." So she kept on as before, working and studying, from early morn till late at night, till at length nature took her in hand for her disobedience of its laws, and laid her upon a bed of sickness, keeping her there for three long weeks; and when at length she arose the doctor told her she must not go to work for at least two weeks. Ah! she had resolved to be brave and patient, but it was no easy matter when her little hard earned savings, already diminished by doctors' and nurses' bills, was gradually growing less, and she was debarred the privilege of adding to it. It was a trial of patience for which she was wholly unprepared, and for a time a spirit of bitterness and rebellion found lodgement in her heart.

The doctor had prescribed a walk every day. One morning she varied the programme by a ride to Central Park, which place she had never visited.

The day was one of June's fairest, and the Park, that lovely place where nature and art are so harmoniously blended, seemed to the young girl, who for months had beheld rows of tall houses and brick pavements, like a veritable Garden of Eden. It was rare enjoyment to her. She wended her way from path to path, until, fearful of being unable to find her way back, and yet for the first time realizing that she was weary, she seated herself in one of the charming rustic arbors. Sitting there in a sort of dreamy delight, she was suddenly aroused by a childish voice saying:

"Are you Nancy's sister?"

Beside her stood a little girl about three years of age.

"Why no, dear, I am not Nancy's sister; who is Nancy?"

"Nancy's my nurse; she was talking with a man, and I ran away from her, and now I tant find her."

"And you thought I was her sister?"

"Yes, 'cause your dress is like Nancy's."

"What is your name?"

"Bertha Merrill. I wish you'd find Nancy."

"I will try to. Take my hand, and we will go and look for her."

But the search was fruitless, and after trying in vain to learn from the child where her parents resided, Dora finally decided to take the little tot home with her.

The child seemed perfectly contented until night. When Dora began to undress her, her blue eyes filled with tears, and the baby lips quivered as she said:

"Must I go to bed wivout seeing mamma?"

"Yes, little Bertha, I guess you must tonight. But tomorrow we will try to find her."

"But how can I say my prayers? Mamma always let me lay my head in her lap."

"Well, darling, you can lay your head in my lap tonight, and don't forget to ask God to help you find your mamma. I will take good care of you until we find her, so now you must be a brave, patient little girl."

But little Bertha, who in all her life had never been away from her mother for so long a time, could not make up her mind to go to bed in a strange place without laying her head on mamma's lap to say her prayers. She gave way to a burst of childish grief, calling so pitifully for "mamma" that Dora was soon weeping with her. She rocked her softly, soothing her with tender words, until at length the golden head drooped lower on Dora's breast, the sobs died away, and the little mother's darling was asleep. Dora laid her in her own neat little bed, and being very weary, for the day had been one of unusual excitement for her, she soon joined her.

In the morning the child was in a high fever. The doctor was sent for immediately. Dora

requested a young girl who occupied the room adjoining hers to see that a notice regarding the child was inserted in the daily papers. But through some mistake, the papers reported that a boy, instead of a girl, had been found, and therefore day after day went by and no one came to claim the child. In the meantime the little sufferer was the victim of scarlet fever in its worst form, and although Dora had never had the disease, she nursed the little girl as tenderly as her own mother could have done, never leaving her side except when it was absolutely necessary; at the same time paying doctors' bills, etc., out of her own scanty hoard. The child was convalescent before any news was heard of the parents. Mrs. Cushman came into the room one day with an open paper in her hand. "There, read that," she exclaimed as she thrust the paper into Dora's hands, and with a glance at little Bertha, who was bolstered up in the rocking chair, she hurried from the room. Dora read the following notice:

"LOST—On the 10th inst., Bertha Merrill, a little girl three and a half years old, with blue eyes and light, curling hair. It is supposed she strayed away from her nurse while walking in Central Park. Any information concerning her will be thankfully received by her anxious and heartbroken parents, at No. — Fifty-seventh Street."

Of course no time was lost in despatching a messenger to the home of the bereaved parents, and an hour later the father and mother were weeping tears of joy over the recovery of their darling. But they could not take her home at present—it would not be safe, the doctor said—so Mrs. Merrill took Dora's place at her child's bedside, and thus had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the noble young girl. By degrees she drew from her her history together with her plans for the future, her doubts and fears in regard to the latter.

At length the time came when the doctor would allow his little patient to be removed. The night before, as Mrs. Merrill and Dora

A Charming Premium.

A bunch of Lily of the Valley that will bloom in any warm room this winter. Such as we send would cost 50 cents alone, but we will send these and Vick's Magazine one year on receipt of 50 cents (stamps or postal note). Choice premium, isn't it?

NOVELTIES!!!

Do you want to know all about NEW VEGETABLES or NEW FLOWERS? If so, send 10 Cents in stamps at once for Vick's Floral Guide, which contains descriptions of some of the best novelties brought out.

Among the number will be found a new Sweet Corn, new Garden Pea, new Oat, new Potato—American Wonder, new Poppies, "Flowers that Bloom in the Snow," &c., &c.

Floral Guide will be ready in January.

Address JAMES VICK'S SONS,
Rochester, N. Y.

WINTER RESORT. Pennoyer Sanitarium, Kenosha, Wis., on Lake Michigan. For Invalids New, modern building; elevator, hot-water heating. Open all the year. Send for illustrated circular.

U. S. NURSERY COMPANY.

Honest Stock. Honest Prices. We will answer all inquiries from those wanting Ornamental or Fruit Trees. Special rates on large orders. Full instructions as to varieties best suited to locations. Stock guaranteed true to name, and delivered in good condition. Catalogue furnished on application. Address H. C. PHILLIPS, Pres't., JAS. VICK, Reference. Rochester, N. Y.

In writing to advertisers mention Vick's Magazine.

were sitting at the bedside of the little one, who was sleeping sweetly, the former said:

"Dora, I owe you a debt of love and gratitude that I can never fully repay. I look upon you as something very near and dear to me. I think God does not give us all our relations by birth and marriage. Somehow, I feel now that you, the savior of my child, are one of the dearest relatives I ever had. Dora, I want you to come home with me tomorrow; Bertha, will not be willing to part with you yet, and I certainly am not. You must stay with us a while, until you are strong enough to study. I shall bear the expense of your education, and it shall be thorough. In short, your days of toil are over; you belong to me now, and I shall take charge of your welfare."

"Oh, Mrs. Merrill, this is too much. I have done nothing to deserve all this; no one would have done less under the circumstances. Your love and friendship I accept gladly, thankfully, but indeed, I cannot let you do all you have proposed. I must support myself, and trust in God for the completion of my education."

"Ah, Dora, dear, your planning is like that of many another proud spirited mortal. You talk of trusting in God, and yet, when he holds the opportunity before you, when He gives you the blessing you have been waiting and longing for, you refuse to accept it."

"I had not thought of it in that light, Mrs. Merrill. But indeed, it seems too much to accept of you for simply doing my duty when it came in my way."

"Dear child, there is another duty, if you will only see it. I believe God sent me to help you, as surely as he sent you to save my child. I know it is not pleasant to accept pecuniary reward for services of kindness, but I am not paying you for your kindness to my darling. I do this because I love you, and God has favored me with an abundance of this world's goods. It is my duty to do it, Dora, and it is your duty to accept it. And you will no longer refuse when I tell you that if you do not let me do this for you, I shall be really unhappy."

"Oh, Mrs. Merrill, what a lawyer you would make!" said Dora, smiling through her tears. "No, I will not refuse, but I feel that I can never thank you enough, and above all, my Heavenly Father, for this great blessing."

The next day Dora took leave of Mrs. Cushman. She remained with the Merrills long enough to establish herself in their home and hearts, and then with replenished wardrobe suitable for the protegee of the wealthy Mrs. Merrill, Dora left them for a time to enter the Young Ladies' Seminary at D—.

* * * * *

A room at the Windsor Hotel. Two young men in earnest conversation. One, tall, handsome, heavily bearded; the other of medium height, plain looking, but polished and gentlemanly in his appearance.

"Well," the latter was saying, "I suppose we shall part to-morrow. We've been together for a long time, but I can't blame you for being in a hurry to see the little girl you left behind you."

His companion, who was none other than our friend Louis Newman, arose at this, walked across the floor several times, and then resumed his seat.

"I'm afraid I'm not in as much of a hurry as I ought to be. I'm ashamed to confess it, Phil, but somehow I do not look forward to my meeting with Dora with a great deal of pleasure."

"Why, my dear fellow, what has happened? You have not repented of your bargain, have you?"

"Hardly that, as yet, but I feel a little fearful lest it may come to that some day. I'll be frank with you, Phil, and tell you just how the matter stands. When I left Dora five years ago, she was a pretty, coquetish country girl of sixteen, with a limited education and no advantages for improvement. Now, you are

aware that I have a kind of admiration for intellectual women. I shall move in good society and would like a wife of whom I might be proud; not that I should be ashamed of little Dora. She is not coarse; still I have a feeling that she would be entirely out of place in the position, which as my wife, she would occupy. I want to be just to her as well as to myself. There, I have stated the case; now, Phil., advise me."

Phillip Yarrington gave him a look which brought something like a flush to his cheek, as he said in his slow, earnest way, "I'm sorry for you, Lou. and sorry for the trusting little heart that has been waiting for you all these years. I understand your pride, but pride should not stand in the way of your honor. Your honor is given to Dora Hathorne. Go to her, my friend, take her as she is; she is your promised wife—you can do no less."

"Thank you, Phil.; you have recalled me to myself; your noble words revive the old love that long absence has, I fear, dimmed a little. I begin to feel eager to see my little country beauty, and shall take the first train tomorrow."

"How long will you stay?"

"Only one night. I have business to attend to that will call me right back. But I must run down and see my father and Dora. It will not be long, however, before I go down again, and then, when I return, I hope to bring them both with me."

As the train whizzed along toward the little village where Louis had passed the years of his minority, imagination carried him back five years. He saw Dora as she was then—pretty, winsome, "sweet sixteen,"—and wondered if five years had changed her much. Then he remembered what she said to him the evening before he left: "When you come back, perhaps you will be ashamed of your little country girl!" Was he ashamed of her? Ah, well, he had had thoughts unworthy of himself, but they had flown. The great love that had only slumbered awhile, now rose and crushed the pride that might have ruined his happiness, and he found himself longing, with feverish impatience, to see her and hear from her lips that she loved him still.

The journey was ended at last. It was a joyful surprise to his father, for he had heard nothing from his boy for several months and the anxiety thus caused was getting almost unbearable. He was his only child, and his wife had been dead many years. After refreshing himself, Louis arranged his toilet with unusual care, and turned his steps toward the home of farmer Phillips. A middle aged woman came to the door, of whom he inquired if Mrs. Phillips was at home.

"She is," replied the woman, "but she is very sick, and can see no one."

"Indeed? I am sorry for that,—but—but Dora, is she not at home?"

"Dora? Oh, yes, I understand. Dora was married three months ago to Tim Brummell, the tavernkeeper's son, and a poor enough match she has made, dear knows. Look, there she is now, at the door of that house yonder; she lives there sir; but excuse me, you look very tired, won't you walk in?"

"No, thank you. I will call again when Mrs. Phillips is better. Good day."

As he turned away; he looked at the young woman standing in the doorway of the shabby looking house across the way—a coarse, slovenly looking girl, in a dirty calico dress, with dishevelled hair, gathered rather ungracefully in a knot at the back of her head. She was talking to a young man at work near by, and her conversation showed she was not above the use of slang. Louis walked on rapidly, feeling that he could not breathe freely until he was out of sight and hearing. Could this be Dora, the neat, pretty little maiden of five years ago? Could it be that he had ever loved that coarse creature? If not, then why that weary, heart-sick, disappointed feeling that came over him as he hastened along the road toward his father's

cottage? Arrived there, his father met him in the doorway.

"Well, my son, you have not been away long. Did you see any of your old friends?"

"No, father; I called at Mrs. Phillips, but she was sick—unable to see me, and not feeling very well, I came right home."

"You are tired, my boy. You should have rested before going out."

"Yes, father, I am tired. I'll go in and throw myself on the lounge, while you bring your easy chair beside me, and I will talk with you of my plans for the future, for I must be off early in the morning."

Talking of the past and the future, time passed quickly, and Louis was able to keep Dora out of his thoughts.

Phillip Yarrington sat reading in his room at the hotel the next day, when Louis entered, and giving his hat and gloves a toss upon the bed, threw himself into a chair, and resting his elbows upon his knees, with both hands supporting his head, sat thus in silence until Philip exclaimed:

"Come Lou., my boy, don't be discouraged. Sit up like a man, and tell me what the trouble is."

Without raising his head Louis replied, "Phil., after what I said to you the other day, you will not sympathize with me now. You will not understand what a bitter, terrible disappointment I have had. Dora Hathorne is married."

"Married! Your Dora married? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say." And raising his head, Louis related to Philip what the reader already knows. When he had finished, Philip said; "It seems strange she should have been married three months, and you, her betrothed husband, know nothing of it. Have you corresponded with her regularly?"

"No; our correspondence has gradually dropped off; you see I was flying about from place to place, and Dora had little time and less talent for letter writing—her letters were short and unsatisfactory; I have written to her about once in six months, but have not heard a word from her for two years past."

"You have been a very unloverlike pair of lovers, certainly. But it is all over with now; of course you will not spend the remainder of your days pining for Tim Brummell's wife!"

"Certainly not," said Louis, forcing a smile, "But, Phil., this is more to me than you can imagine; I did love the Dora of five years ago, and though I could neither love nor respect the Dora of to-day, yet I reproach myself for the change. I believe if I had come home three years ago, she would be a different woman to-night."

"Perhaps so, Louis; but cheer up, my friend, there is no use in sighing over what might have been; and after all, if the girl had had proper self respect, she would never have let herself down to Tim Brummell's level. You must do your best to forget you ever knew her. By the way, we have invitations to a select party at Mrs. Merrill's to-night. A sort of literary entertainment I believe, and I understand 'Rado,' the authoress, is to be present. Of course you will go?"

"With pleasure. I shall be pleased to meet 'Rado;' for, to judge from her writings, she must be a very charming woman."

* * * * *

Brilliant indeed, was the assemblage in the elegant drawing rooms of Hon. Park Merrill. Wealth, beauty, youth and talent united to render the occasion one of rare enjoyment. Louis Newman forgot his troubles, for a time, in his admiration of the beautiful authoress. As yet he had not been presented, but as his gaze followed her, noting the rare beauty and elegance of her face and form, a comparison, absurd as it may seem, would arise; namely; the coarse face and ungainly form of Tim Brummell's wife. And, strange as it may seem, he

imagined he saw a strong resemblance to Dora Hathorne in the face of this literary queen.

"Come, Lou don't sit here gazing afar off any longer; come with me and be presented to the beauty."

It was Philip Yarrington who spoke. Louis put one arm in his, and the two approached the authoress.

"Miss Merrill, allow me to present to you my friend Mr. Newnan."

Louis bowed gracefully over the fair little hand extended to him, and raising his head, beheld a glad, tender light in the beautiful hazel eyes, as, with a merry laugh, she exclaimed—

"Why, Louis! It is you! I am so glad to see you. And I really believe you don't know little Dora."

Louis fairly trembled and grasped his friend's arm for support. "Dora!" he exclaimed, "I do not understand you. You are not Dora Hathorne, and I know no other Dora."

"I am Dora Hathorne, surely. But I do not wonder you are surprised. Come tomorrow and I will explain all."

Just then Mrs. Merrill called her attention. Philip bowed, and drew Louis away.

"Phil., explain this; I hardly know whether I am awake or dreaming."

"Why, my dear fellow, I can't explain it for you. Only I know there has been some mistake; and I guess you will find to your rejoicing that this is the real Dora after all."

On the morrow at a reasonable hour, Louis found himself face to face with the beautiful girl who claimed to be Dora Hathorne. She met him with an air of ease and confidence, and laughingly inquired if he was satisfied with her identity.

Taking her hand in his and looking into the hazel eyes that were not ashamed to meet his glance, he said earnestly—

"You must indeed be Dora Hathorne; you have her features, her beautiful brown eyes—and yet—Dora was married three months ago—I cannot understand it."

"Married! Who told you so?"

"While on a visit to my father a few days since, I called at the house of Mr. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips was quite sick, but on inquiring of the person who came to the door if Dora was at home, she hesitated a moment as if hardly comprehending me, and then replied that Dora was married three months ago to Tim Brummell, the tavernkeeper's son, and that she lived across the way—at the same time pointing out to me the said Dora, whose appearance was anything but prepossessing. Now, please prove to me that it is all a mistake—that you are my own Dora after all."

But Dora was laughing heartily. "Oh, Louis," she said as soon as she could control herself, "What a joke has unwittingly been played upon you! So you really thought it was Dora Hathorne you saw in Tim Brummell's doorway! I do not feel highly flattered, though poor Dora Burns is a kind, good-hearted girl. You see, when I came away, Aunt Maria was obliged to hire some one to help her. She procured the services of Dora Burns, who has lived with her until about three months ago, when she was married to Tim Brummell. The woman who is with Aunt Phillips now is a stranger in the place, and when you inquired for Dora, she directed you to the only Dora she knew anything about. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied! Oh, Dora, I cannot express my satisfaction! I am so thankful it is all a mistake, and that my own Dora is reserved for me. Is she not, my darling?"

"I guess so, if you want her," she said archly; "she is not married, at least!"

"But she has changed her name. I cannot understand why my little Dora should be called Miss Merrill."

"I did it at Mrs. Merrill's request; she has been very kind to me, and I could not refuse so small a favor. She insists upon claiming me as one of her family. I must tell you more about her some time, Louis."

"But, darling, how long have you been in New York?"

"Nearly five years. I came here soon after you went away."

"Oh, Dora, and you never told me!"

"Don't be angry, Louis; indeed, I only wanted to surprise you. I knew so little when you went away—I wanted to be better educated before you saw me again. When I came here, I went to work in a millinery establishment with the hope of earning enough to gratify my desire for knowledge, but I fear I should have failed had not Mrs. Merrill's kind heart and well-filled purse come to my assistance. I will tell you the whole story some time."

"But the few short letters you wrote me were not dated here in the city."

"No; I wrote them while on short visits to Aunt Phillips, and purposely avoided mentioning my change of residence. Your letters were forwarded to me."

"Oh, Dora, what a cold, matter of fact pair of lovers we have been! But we will atone for it now. And to think of my shy little country girl turning out to be an authoress, a literary star! I never suspected you had talent that way."

"Nor did I, until reading and study developed it. I never had time to find it out before."

"Well, darling, Mrs. Merrill must lose her protegee soon. My little girl must change her name again—this time it shall be Newman. How soon shall it be, darling?"

"Just as you say, Louis;" and a becoming little blush mounted to her cheek.

Not many months after Philip Yarrington was again invited to Mrs. Merrill's—this time to a Thanksgiving wedding; and Louis Newman did not sit in the corner comparing the bride to Tim Brummell's wife.

"If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise,
It never looked to human eyes
Since Adam left his garden yet."

—Tennyson.

DOTS.

There are thirty millions of calfskins tanned in the United States each year.

"It's knotty, but it's nice," is the way a Boston shoe tying company advertises.

The Connecticut man who cut his throat with a scythe is no mower.—*Boston Herald*.

A railroad tunnel, being built under the city of Baltimore, is to cost upward of \$6,000,000.

There are an even dozen States in the Union that have a million acres or more in corn this year.

It has got so now in this country that you cannot get upon a scale, even, without tipping it.—*New York Recorder*.

We would all be great men if we could be measured by the great things we intend to do to-morrow.—*Atchison Globe*.

The far famed People's Palace of London is to be lighted by electricity at an expense of \$30,000, and by American machines.

Of the 16 species of trees grown in the United States whose wood will sink in water, the heaviest is the black ironwood of Southern California.

The movement in favor of Roman instead of Gothic type is rapidly gaining ground in Germany. Many medical and scientific periodicals are printed in Roman characters.

Instantaneous photography has been used to record the movements of the lips in speaking, and by putting the photographs in a zoetrope a deaf mute can easily read the words.

The shell of an oyster in its native habitat is always a little open, and microscopic waving hairs set up currents which carry the food plants to the mouth, where they are engulfed and afterward digested.

The Propulsive Power of Leather.

"Alas!" he cried, as the clock struck one,

"In truth, I am perfectly outdone.

Outside I can hear the bulldog's tread

While her father's walking overhead.

"But of two evils I'll choose the least,"

And forthwith prepared to meet the beast,

—*New York Herald*.

Hanging Baskets.

Few things are more graceful and attractive than a hanging basket or vase filled with proper plants that have been kept healthy and in a growing, thriving condition. A basket that has been injudiciously filled, or the plants in which have become diseased or starved, is about as sorry a sight as one will be apt to meet with. In a room it is almost impossible to moisten



plants fully and properly, and we have always advised that baskets should be taken to some outer room every day or two for a good soaking, where they might remain until dripping had ceased. We say to all, do not attempt to keep plants in a hanging basket or vase unless you are resolved to give them all the attention necessary to secure perfect success.

A Good Plan.

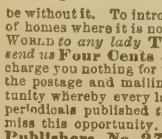
Send \$1 and get two bunches of *Lily of the Valley* yourself, to bloom a week or two apart, also *Vick's Magazine* for yourself and some friend to whom you can send it complimentary. They will appreciate it. In fact you could send it to several friends that way and have all the *Lilies* yourself.

Malted Milk

BEST FOOD for Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, Dyspeptics, etc. Best Drink for Table Use. Pleasant, Nutritious, Invigorating. No addition of Milk. No Cooking. No Trouble. Sold by Druggists. SAMPLE FREE upon request. MALTED MILK CO., Racine, Wis.

A CHARMING LADIES' PAPER SENT THREE MONTHS FREE!

THE LADIES' WORLD is one of the most attractive and valuable papers published for ladies and the family. Each issue comprises sixteen or more large four-column pages. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and its contents embrace high-class Fiction by the best American authors, the choicest Poetry, Artistic Needlework, Home Decoration, Housekeeping, Mother's, Children's and Fashion Departments, "The Family Physician," and choice Miscellany. It publishes original matter only, and spares no expense to procure the best. Each issue is replete with practical hints and useful suggestions of the utmost value to every lady. In addition to the vast fund of entertaining reading provided. No intelligent household should be without it. To introduce this charming paper into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, we will send THE LADIES' WORLD to any lady **Three Months on trial Free**, who will send us **Four Cents** to pay for the postage and mailing. We charge you nothing for the paper; the four cents merely pays for the postage and mailing. Our liberal offer presents an opportunity whereby every lady may secure one of the most delightful periodicals published **three months free**. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Address, **S. H. MOORE & CO., Publishers, No. 27 Park Place, New York.**



Mention *Vick's Magazine*.



A GARDEN PARTY 100 YEARS AGO.

Autumn Leaves.

A New York florist has in his window a maple and oak leaf decoration which is very handsome. This has fine chrysanthemums on one side and *Cypripedium Lawrencianum* on the other. It attracts a good deal of attention. A bunch of roses was made up for a bride which was exceedingly beautiful. The bunch was composed of meteor roses and mignonette, with one rose of the Wootton variety at the side.

A basket of flowers was recently sent to the New York Club which was composed of American Beauty roses. In the centre of this basket was inclosed a box of cigars containing twelve very fine ones. This was so arranged in the basket that it was not seen until the cigars were presented after the dinner with which the twelve gentlemen were served.

The English fashion of putting plants on the table at meal times is now becoming very popular. The *Dixonia* tree ferns are used extensively, but they do not want to be of high growth; they are considered exceedingly good for the purpose because they do not obstruct the vision of those opposite. *Parrax Victoria* is another shrub that is very much used; it is planted in yellow majolica pots for table use; the leaf is extremely pretty, as it has a tiny white edge. Jasmine is now in flower; this is a difficult flower to handle, but if it can be kept perfect it is beautiful. Canoes of birch bark are coming in, which hold lilies-of-the-valley; these are expensive, but very beautiful.

A fan of heroic size was exhibited by a Broadway florist recently. The upper part of the fan was made of gloriosum chrysanthemums, and the lower part of the fan was composed of violets. The violets used were the common single violet. These are almost odorless and are of little account, except that they are a pretty color. Marie Louise violets are exceedingly scarce, and unless they develop more rapidly there will be but a dearth of them next week at the Garden, where there are fine prizes offered for them. Neapolitan violets are more freely in bloom than those of the Marie Louise variety, which is by far the most attractive and sweetest.

Technical Terms of the Trade.

Boot and shoe trade advertisements are worded very peculiarly. Below are a few specimens that have lately appeared in the Northampton, Eng., *Daily Reporter*:

Wanted, a good hand stabber; also a girl to finish off.

Wanted, girl for socking.

Wanted, active youth who can cut legs.

Wanted, a good skiver.

Hand-crossers wanted; full, constant work.

Wanted, hand-sewn men, 5s. per pair, ¼-edge.

Wanted, leg-cutter.

Wanted, a sharp lad, to punch and eyelet.

Wanted, good eccentric cutting press, cheap.

Wanted, competent crup shavers; none others need apply.

Wanted, a competent pressman, used to looking up.

Wanted, a good table currier.

How Glass Beads are Made.

The manufacture of glass beads is simple. A short, thick rod of colored glass with a hole made through it. This is drawn out in a heated state by two men running in opposite directions, and by this very long tubes are procured of the size of the beads required. These rods are chipped into short pieces of the length of the bead. The perforations in the pieces are then filled with sand and ashes by shaking them up together in a bowl filled with a little water. This is done to prevent the box from filling up when they are subjected to heat to cause such a degree of fusion as to take off the angles and cause the beads to acquire a globular form. They are afterwards washed to separate the ashes and are then strung by children.

Never morning wore to evening
But some heart did break."

—Alfred Tennyson.

Confusion of Tongues.

"I'm in a hurry," he said, rushing into the hardware store. "Just got time to catch a train. Give me a corn-popper, quick!"

"All right, sir!" replied the clerk. "Do you want a large pop-corner?"

"No, just a medium sized—an ordinary porn-copper!"

"How will this cop-corner do?"

"Is that a pon-copper?"

"Yes. But you're getting twisted. You mean a corn-popper—no, a porn-copper! No, a——"

"I mean a con-popper!"

"Oh, yes, a pon-copper!"

"Yes, be quick! Gimme a pup-coaner, and be quick!"

"All right! Here's your pun-coöper."—*Industrial World.*

The Carpenter's Wooing.

O I a door you, darling one,
I hall ways loved your laughter,
And window you intend to grant
The hand my hopes are rafter?
You're roof if you imagine that
I've not enough to board you;
We'll have a good square meal, for I
Can hammer steak afford you.
I sawyer father yesterday;
'Tis plane he'd have us marry.
O let us to the joiner's hie,
Nor let us shingle tarry.
The cornice waving now, my love;
The gables all are ringing;
A lath! Why let me longer pine?
I'm sawdust when I'm singing.

—Chicago Post.

FOREIGN NOTES.

In 33 years \$30,000,000 has been expended on London's drainage system, and it is now very complete.

Spain produces annually, on an average, 300,000,000 kilos of olive oil. One-half of this is required for the home market.

Phosphorus is now being made by electricity. The principal manufactory is in England, where it is anticipated fully 1,000 tons will be made annually.

Owing to the immense number of recruits wanted in the French army the standard of height has constantly been reduced. It is at present little more than five feet.

The London *Tidbits* offered a prize for the best definition of money. The prize was awarded to Henry E. Baggs, of Sheffield, who defined it thus: "An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider for everything except happiness."

The French are now painting their war vessels a dull, sulphurous gray, exactly the color of smoke as it arises from cannons. They say this color has the advantage of being as illusive and indistinguishable in fogs and sea mists and darkness as during the smoke of battle. It is more baffling to the search light than any other tint.

The Jericho, Jaffa and Jerusalem railroad through the Holy Land is progressing very slowly. The Turks are very inefficient contractors. They perform the easier parts of the works first, and then a rain storm comes along and washes it all away, and it becomes necessary to begin anew. "All aboard for Jericho," will soon be heard.

Horseflesh has advanced to three times the ordinary price in Berlin, being now nearly equal in cost to beef. There is a great demand for horses for slaughter, and considerable prejudice is being roused by a retired cavalry officer in Brandenburg who sold to the butchers a veteran animal that had borne him to the field of Sedan in the campaign against France.

King Oscar proposes to use force, if necessary to prevent the threatened disunion of Sweden and Norway. The Norwegians would prefer a union with Denmark, with which they have been united for centuries, and, as that is impossible, they talk of establishing a republic. So far they have been satisfied only to talk, but an overt act will be the signal for the advance of a Swedish army on Christiana. The writings and speeches of the poet Bjornson have been the principal factor in fanning the flame of Norwegian discontent.

25 Cents.

This is all *Vick's Magazine* will cost anyone if they will send us the names of ten friends who would be interested in such a condensed, comprehensive and charming monthly. We will send them a sample copy. *This does not carry the Lily of the Valley or Carnation premium mentioned elsewhere.*



Fergeries.

We here present illustrations of several styles of fergeries that are in the market and can be procured of the dealers in such goods. The



smaller sized cut represents base with flat bottom to set upon a table or stand; these bases are in pottery and of handsome designs. A larger one is shown in imitation of oak, in rustic style, with foot; these bases are of different sizes,

from eight to twelve inches in diameter, and the whole height, with glass, from twelve to eighteen inches. Although these are small, still they serve a good purpose and are easily handled and managed.



A more elaborate style, with a table-like base on four legs and castors, is also shown; this represents a fern-case sixteen inches in width by two and a half feet in length, and twenty-six inches high above the legs. A fern case of this kind can be made by any joiner, and the design can be varied to correspond to any style of furniture. The side is made to open to get access to the interior, and also to provide for ventilation. Within the wooden table-frame is fitted a zinc pan about three inches deep, which contains the soil; this pan has an opening for drainage, and a shallow vessel should be placed in a concealed position underneath to receive any surplus water.

With these hints we think our readers will have little difficulty in securing fergeries of such styles as they may fancy.

Those who do not care to get expensive ferns from greenhouses can get ordinary fern roots from the woods after they have been frozen, and then they will respond to warmth and water, having been "fooled," so to speak, that they have rested.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1892.

WHAT IS IT?

It is what its name claims for it—a "guide" in fact as well as name.

It is not a "primer" or cheap production hastily thrown together.

It is "unabridged" and as a Floral Guide is perfection itself.

Its production requires several solid months of the best working talent and brain obtainable.

No pains or expense have been spared to present to our half million customers the most perfect work of its kind.

Think of it, it contains four elegant colored plates, over 1000 illustrations and a fund of general information on "how to do it."

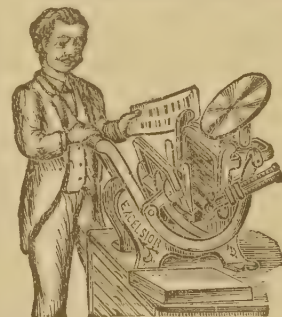
NOVELTIES, yes, lots of them, both of Vegetables and Flowers, some of the best ever brought out.

Do you want it? Send 10 cents, which is less than it costs. Ready to mail in January.

It will please you, and the 10 cents may be deducted from first order.

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
Rochester, N. Y.

ANY COMMON SENSE BOY CAN BE PRINTER.



and any business firm can save money by doing their own printing.

Presses from \$3, for cards, to \$44, for a small newspaper; or job press for \$100.

MAKE MONEY printing for others! Type-setting easy; printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for

Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, Paper, &c., to the Factory.

KELSIE & CO.,

Box V. Meriden, Connecticut.

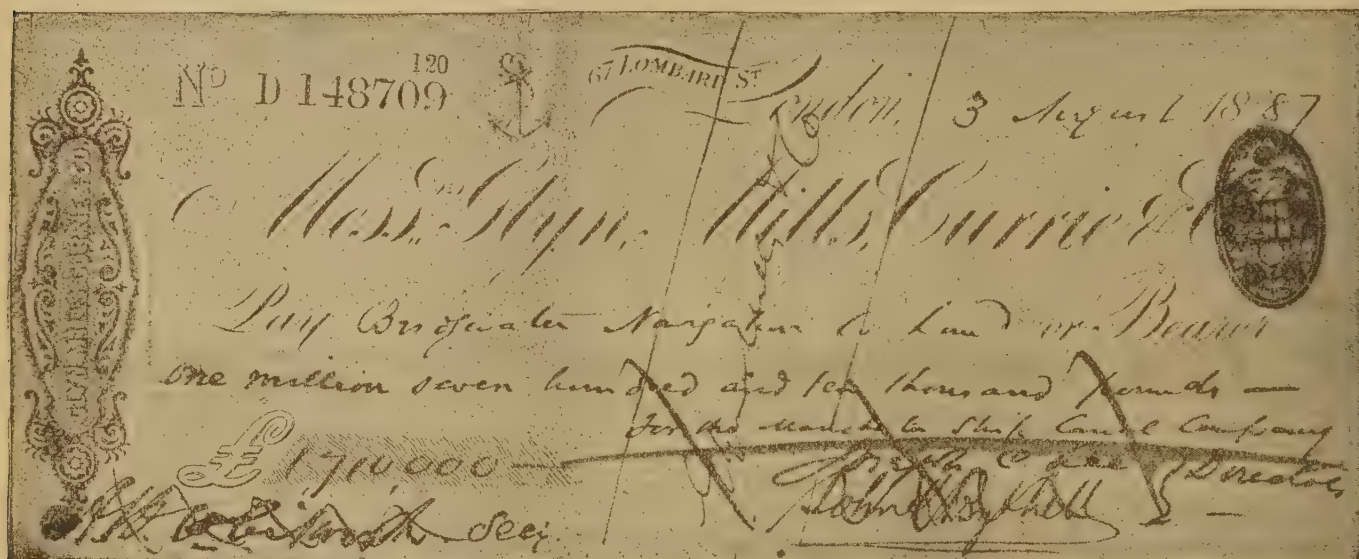
BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE PAINTING.
Decorating, etc. 100-page illustrated catalogue sent free. Address Wm T. Comstock, 23 Warren St., New York.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fees until Patent obtained. Write for **INVENTOR'S GUIDE**

In writing to advertisers mention *Vick's Magazine*.

THE LARGEST COMMERCIAL CHECK EVER DRAWN.

By the courtesy of Messrs. David Williams & Co., of New York, publishers of the very meritorious paper called *Business*, we are enabled to present to our half million readers a photo-engraved reproduction of the largest check known to have ever passed through regular financial channels. It was drawn by the Manchester Ship Canal Co. to the order of the Bridgewater Navigation Co. in payment of an enormous deal in a



combination of canal interests. Jay Gould is credited with having once handed over in a business transaction a check for \$6,000,000, making the most valuable bit of paper ever signed in this country; but the Gould figures are outreached in the check shown here drawn on the London banking house of Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., one million, seven hundred and ten thousand pounds sterling, being equivalent to \$8,276,400, and is undoubtedly the largest check ever made on trade account. In the settlement of the Alabama damage claims, Great Britain gave to this country a check for \$15,000,000, but that did not belong to the commercial class of transactions.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Electrical illumination has made great progress in London. There are now upward of 225,000 lamps in use, and the capital invested in the various plants amounts to \$15,000,000.

Decatur, Mich., has four peppermint oil factories and they are all kept busy distilling oil from the plant raised on the large tract of swamp land near there that a few years ago was considered worthless.

A spring that gushes forth soda water and in reality forms a huge natural soda water fountain, has been discovered in Oregon. The water is sparkling and effervescent, and when flavored and bottled cannot be distinguished from the artificial beverage.

The fees incidental to the obtaining of the title of Baron in Germany are said to figure up about \$5,000, that of Count \$20,000, Duke \$30,000 and a Prince \$70,000. They say one of the reasons why Bismarck didn't accept the title of Duke of Lauenburg was on account of the expense involved, though it is doubtful if he would have taken it if it had been brought to him on a silver tray.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The most powerful electric lamp in the world is not as reported, the one on the top of the Eddystone Lighthouse at the recent Royal Naval Exhibition, but the one in use at the lighthouse at St. Catherine's Point, on the Isle of Wight. Under ordinary circumstances, the light produced is equivalent to that of 3,000,000 candles.—*Exchange*. That's good, but here in another part of the same paper we see that "The Sydney, Australia lighthouse has an electric light equal to 12,000,000 candles." Either one is big enough.

A most useful little article has just been invented and placed on the market upon the other side of the Atlantic in the shape of what is termed an "invisible dress hook." The advantage claimed for this hook is that when the dress is fastened the two edges of the bodice cannot "gape;" neither will the dress "grin" where there is the most strain, as it is most likely to do when fastened with ordinary hooks. For seamless bodices they are claimed to be invaluable.

Shoeless Sylphs in Kansas.

If you are out driving and hear loud, piercing shrieks in the woods, don't turn your horse that way in the fear that someone is being murdered. It is only a crowd of girls in wading, and one has probably found a leech on her toe.—*Atchison Globe*.

The Head and the Foot.

"My two boys," remarked an old man, "are a kind of paradox. The one that went to the head in his business made a failure of it, while the one that went to the foot made a success of it. How do you account for it?"

"Well, something in this way: One was a barber and the other a shoemaker. See?"—*Western Plowman*.

A Possible Vacancy.

"Nothing is impossible," said a merchant to one of his clerks, who was somewhat discouraged.

"Isn't it?" he replied, opening his pocket-book. "Look in there once and I think you'll talk differently."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Pot and Kettle.

Two old friends meet after a separation of many years:

"Time flies," says one, "but after all, you are not so bald as I expected to find you."

"Bald! I should say not. Look in the glass yourself. I've more hair than you have."

"More hair than I have. That's absurd, perfectly absurd! Let's count 'em!"—*The Epoch*.

A circular has been issued by the Russian minister of the interior which enumerates thirteen governments, in which the people are completely famine stricken, and eight in which a partial famine prevails. This we suppose is on the ground that misery loves company. The great fair which is annually held at Nizhnee-Novgorod, and which is attended by merchants and dealers from all parts of Russia, was a failure this year. This was due to the enormous number of bankrupts and their consequent withdrawal from trade.

Kind Words.

The following letter from a Pennsylvania publisher tells its own story, and is a fair sample of those received by Messrs. Jas. Vick's Sons, who appreciate them highly:

OFFICE OF PARK'S FLORAL MAGAZINE,
LIBONIA, Franklin Co., Pa., Oct. 28, 1891.

MESSRS. JAS. VICK'S SONS:

Gents—I am just in receipt of your circular, and am glad to know you will continue in the business, and I will give you such support as I can furnish in the way of orders.

Years ago, when I was a boy, I dealt with your father, and it was through the influence of his FLORAL GUIDE that I became interested specially in floriculture. He was a man for whom I always entertained the highest respect, and to whom I looked as to a father, for he was, in truth, the father of my business. I bear the same respect for his progeny, and have always found your business honorably conducted. I wish you every success in your future career.

Again assuring you of my best wishes, I remain,
Fraternally yours, GEO. W. PARK.

FREE THE NEW FREE
40-lb. OAT.

Over 3,000 Packages Given Away With
Orders for Seeds, Etc., Purchased of

JAMES VICK'S SONS.

After testing this New Oat we were so favorable impressed we decided to share the test with our friends before putting it upon the market, and any one sending an order to us is entitled to one package with the understanding that they shall keep a record and the result of trial sent us in the fall of 1892.

The straw is bright and of sufficient strength to support a heavy crop without flagging or falling down. Grain white, short and very thick, somewhat barley-shaped, very free from sharp points or beards rendering it a very pleasant grain to handle when threshed. In productiveness it is unexcelled and the uniform weight of the grain is something remarkable, easily weighing 40 lbs. per bushel as it leaves the separator. Unquestionably this new variety has a future before it which agriculturists will do well to consider.

JAMES VICK'S SONS.

THE HILLSDALE FAIR.

VICK'S \$1000 PRIZES.

A Magnificent Exhibition.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Oct. 21st, 1891.

JAMES VICK'S SONS:

Gentlemen—Having to the best of my ability discharged the duty of judging the exhibit of vegetables, drawn out by your liberal offer of \$1,000 in cash premiums at the annual fair at Hillsdale, Mich., I beg to submit the following list of awards:

Cabbage. 1st prize, Mrs. Martha Robison, Bruneau Valley, Idaho; 2d prize, Davis Bros., Jackson, Mich.; 3d prize, B. C. Peck, Coopers Plains, N. Y.; 4th prize, John Ward, Eau Claire, Wis.

Mangel. 1st prize, Chas. E. Brown, Mimitico, Ont.; 2d prize, H. G. Stillman, Almond, N. Y.; 3d prize, L. H. Kingsbury, Hillsdale, Mich.; 4th prize, David Wild, Springville, Iowa.

Potatoes. 1st prize, I. O. Hinds, Iona, Mich.; 2d prize, Richard Hicks, Auburn, N. Y.; 3d prize, Chas. M. Fuller, Hudson, Mich.; 4th prize, S. King, Union City, Pa.

Onions. 1st prize, John Grape, Waukesha, Wis.; 2d prize, Orville G. Burch, Reading, Mich.; 3d prize, Mrs. W. E. Bars, Stevensville, Mont.; 4th prize, R. S. Matthews, Dewey, Ohio.

Tomato. 1st prize, Davis Bros., Jackson, Mich.; 2d prize, A. J. Moore, Ramson, Mich.; 3d prize, David Wild, Springville, Iowa; 4th prize, Mrs. Frank J. Atwater, Manchester, Iowa.

Cauliflower. 1st prize, Ira D. Kress, Jackson, Mich.; 2d prize, Davis Bros., Jackson, Mich.; 3d prize, Wellington Hughes, Hillsdale, Mich.; 4th prize, M. J. Benson, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Musk Melon. 1st prize, Milan Wheeler, Coldwater, Mich.; 2d prize, Mrs. H. Burton, Hartman, Mich.; 3d prize, Elias Coleman, Angola, Ind.; 4th prize, M. H. Walsworth, Hillsdale, Mich.

Celery. 1st prize, Keagle Bros., Hastings, Mich.; 2d prize, Geo. Griffin, Sheridan, Mich.; 3d prize, Elias Coleman, Angola, Ind.; 4th prize, N. S. Post, Hillsdale, Mich.

427. Edward Gorham, Hastings, Mich. Very fine; received to late for judging.

157. T. J. Byers, Nickerson, Kans. Received too late.

168. F. C. Lindhard, Grand Junction, Col. Not quite heavy enough.

It would be extremely difficult to overrate the value of such a competition to the cause of gardening. The list of prize winners shows that the competitors came from many different states, while a full list would demonstrate that almost every state in the Union was represented. Such contests beget an increased interest in the phase of agriculture represented by it, and tend to beget a more intelligent practice of the art. For these special efforts of yours, you deserve the good will of the country, and I most earnestly hope that you will reap a most substantial reward in the increased business which should flow from it.

The task of judging this vast exhibit was no slight one. It filled a very large tent, and its magnificence and beauty made it the most attractive feature of the fair. The tent was constantly crowded by an admiring throng, and it taught a very practical and useful lesson to thousands of young farmers, whose influence will be felt in the future and on the right side.

A word as to the rules applied in judging may be of interest to the competitors. Cabbage, sound heads, were settled by weight. Celery by size and condition of blanching.

Potatoes by size, uniformity of shape, freedom from scab and second growth knobs. Cauliflower by weight, solidity and color. Tomatoes by size, smoothness and freedom from cracks about the stem. Muskmelons by size and quality. Onions by weight, ripeness and general soundness. Lots containing scallions, or onions not fully ripened, had no show in this contest. Mangels by weight alone.

One lot of tomatoes, very fine (No. 857), was rejected for not being the right variety. Some of the largest lots of muskmelons were rejected as being of inferior quality. The prize winning lots of muskmelons weighed respectively, 73, 71, 69½ and 68 lbs.

The lots of twelve onions winning prizes weighed 15 lbs. 12 oz., 14 lbs., 13 lbs. 7 oz., and 12 lbs. 2 oz.

The single mangels winning prizes weighed 26½, 24, 23½ and 21¾ lbs.

Let me close by again congratulating you and the competitors generally on the extent and beauty of the exhibit.

E. G. FOWLER.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are said to be over 23,000 Indians in the United States who can read English and over 10,000 who can read Indian languages.

The candy consumed annually in this country is estimated by a trade journal to represent a value of \$50,000,000. This makes dentists rejoice.

The odor of flowers is controlled, as has lately been shown, by light and partially by air; excluding these agents flowers cease to exhale their perfume.

Cottonwood is coming to the front as a sugar factor. A Southern grower says its saccharine qualities are 15 times greater than sugar cane and 20 times stronger than beets.

Sparrow eggs, eaten in form of omelets baked in butter and onions, are highly prized by the Arabs as an aphrodisiac. Arab physicians warn against daily indulgence in this dish.

Seventeen regular lines of ocean steamers now trade from Baltimore to foreign ports. These lines represent sixty steamships, ranging in net tonnage from 1800 to 6000 tons each, and worth at least estimate half a million dollars each.

The telephone system of Racine, Wis., was crippled and the 355 instruments rendered useless during a storm recently. The trouble was caused by an electric light wire falling upon the telephone wires. The wires leading into the central office were set on fire and every line was cut off from communication with the central office.

In 1885 there were three electric railways in operation, with 13 cars; in 1886, 5 with 30 cars; in 1887, 7 with 81 cars; in 1888, 32 with 225 cars; in 1889, 104 with 965 cars; in 1890, 126 with over 2,000 cars; and there are now in operation and under contract in America, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Australia and Japan no fewer than 225 roads, requiring over 4,000 cars and 7,000 motors, with 2,000 miles of track, making a daily mileage of not less than 400,000 miles, and carrying 750,000,000 passengers.

The population of the twenty largest cities in the country according to the census of 1890, was as follows: New York, 1,513,501; Chicago, 1,099,133; Philadelphia, 1,046,252; Brooklyn, 804,377; St. Louis, 460,357; Boston, 446,507; Baltimore, 433,547; San Francisco, 297,990; Cincinnati, 296,309; Cleveland, 261,546; Buffalo, 254,457; New Orleans, 241,995; Pittsburgh, 238,473; Washington, 229,796; Detroit, 205,669; Milwaukee, 204,150; Newark, 181,518; Minneapolis, 164,738; Omaha, 139,526; Rochester, 138,327.

World's Fair Notes.

The Florida Horticultural Society has asked for three acres in which to show an orange grove and make a fruit display.

John Thorpe, the Floriculture Chief, says that the Exposition will advance floriculture in this country fully twenty-five years.

The Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society of British Guiana has decided to hold a local exhibition of its resources preliminary to the display it intends making at Chicago.

The National Association of Woolen Manufacturers and the American Pottery Association have each decided to make an exhibit at the Exposition such as has never before been seen in this country.

The general passenger agents of twenty of the railroads entering Chicago have organized a special association for the determination of excursion rates to the Exposition and for arranging facilities for caring for the enormous crowds of visitors to the World's Fair.

Prof. Ward, the well-known mineralogist and scientist of Rochester, N. Y., called upon Director-General Davis, a few days ago, and offered to send his entire collection of geological specimens to the Exposition. His collection represents the expenditure of a great deal of money and the work of years, and is one of the most complete in this country. At the Centennial Prof. Ward was allotted space 120x130 feet. If he can secure it he will fill considerably more space at the Exposition of 1893.

Why Not?

BOYS AND GIRLS—Surprise mother with some beautiful sprays of Lily of the Valley some cold day this winter. How? Look at the premium offers and send 50 cents at once. They will grow in your bedroom.

To the Customers and Friends of James Vick, of the Rochester Seed House.

The seed business will hereafter be conducted by James Vick's Sons, who are in first-class shape to fill all orders promptly, either for Bulbs, Plants or Seeds.

In the reorganization of our business, arrangements have been made which will enable us to take better care of orders than heretofore.

This grand old Seed House was founded in 1849 by the late James Vick, and incorporated in 1885 as James Vick Seedsman, and now the change is made for convenience to James Vick's Sons, all of whom have been in the business since childhood, and are thoroughly experienced and practical in every department.

The filling of retail orders will receive especial care and attention. Only the best strains of the choicest varieties will be selected.

Vick's Floral Guide will be issued about January 1st, 1892, containing a revised list of the most worthy varieties of Flowers and Vegetables, with colored plates and illustrations of some excellent novelties that have been tried and proved to be of rare value. Don't fail to write for our Floral Guide.

JAMES VICK'S SONS,

Rochester, N. Y.



A Novel Monument.

One of the most attractive, and certainly the most novel feature of the New York State Agricultural Society's Fair held in Syracuse September 10th to 17th, was the Vegetable Column, erected by James Vick's Son's. A description of the same, we think, would be of interest to our readers in connection with the illustration, and had we space we should like to quote some of the funny remarks and questions asked while it was in process of construction, which shows that it was certainly new to the visitors.

The column was 30 feet high, the base of same being seven feet square. The first step above the base was covered with cabbages, turnips, beets and potatoes; the next above was covered with a miscellaneous collection of vegetables; the square pedestal being covered with summer squashes, potatoes, etc., while the corners were formed by onions tied in bunches and hanging from the base of the shaft. The shaft was made of ears of corn, tomatoes, carrots, turnips and beets, the same being garnished with stalks of corn, the whole surmounted by an immense pumpkin over three feet in diameter.

ter. The column was erected nearly in front of the President's and Secretary's office and attracted great attention. This only shows what can be done with a little ingenuity. It is surprising that our Agricultural Associations do not wake up and get out of the old rut of exhibiting vegetables, etc., which they have been in for the past twenty years. If "farming with brains, sir" pays, why not introduce bright thoughts and ideas in the exhibition departments. There is room for an expert in this direction.

500 PARCELS FOR ONLY 25 Cts

Including Sample Books, Novelties, Pictures, Magazines, Letters, Papers, etc., each with **YOUR** address boldly printed on wrapper, you'll receive more choice reading and heaviest mail of any one at your town; also insert **your** address for 12 mos. in our **GUARANTEED** Directory that goes whirling daily to Mrs. and Mr. all over the world; also 500 **gummed** labels in 2 colors, with **your** address boldly printed on each. The entire lot postpaid to **YOU** for only 25 cts. If you send **YOUR** PERMANENT address to-day.

GUMMED ADDRESS CO., No 14,691 Phila., Pa.

THE ECONOMY OF FOOTWEAR.

An illustrated pamphlet interesting to every one who wears shoes, sent free on receipt of name and address on postal card. Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

\$50 A WEEK. We want you to sell our self-filling, self-extinguishing **non explosive LAMP BURNER**. Sells at sight. To those meaning business, sample free. Exclusive territory given. **PHENIX CO., 19 Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.**

U. S. Collections.

One Apple, Early Yellow Transparent.
One Apple, Late Wealthy
One Pear, Standard Bartlett.
One Crab, Martha.
One Apricot, Russian.
One Japanese Plum, Prunus Simoni.

\$2.25, two of each \$4.00.

One Pear, Dwarf, Duchess.
One Cherry, Black, Schmidt's Bigarreau.
One Cherry, Red, Gov. Wood
One Peach, Early Crawford.
One Quince, Orange.
One Plum, Lombard.

\$2.25, two of each, \$4.00.

These are the cream of the best. Will ship in March or April by express, prepaid. Send your order early, and write us for information and special rates on large orders.

All orders must reach us before March 15th.

U. S. NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Is this True?

Two women met in Paradise—
Where they had recently arrived;
And each one of the other asked
How in the bright abode she thrived.
Then straightway each one made reply,
" 'Tis very beautiful and bright;
There's everything to please the ear,
And everything to feast the sight."
Then each exhaled a long, deep sigh;
And said, "I've searched in every nook;
But nowhere can I find a glass
To see how these new garments look."
—Boston Courier.

SCIENTIFIC.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

Leeches contain in their anterior portion an albumose capable of preventing the clotting of blood.

It has been pointed out that the greatest number of perfume-scented flowers are white, while those of brown and orange color generally possess a disagreeable odor.

Two thousand names of soaps of domestic and foreign manufacture registered at the patent office, are enumerated by the American Soap Journal and Perfume Gazette.

Waves exert a force of one ton per square inch when they are only 20 feet high. At Cassis, France, granite blocks of 15 cubic meters have been moved by wave force.

Astronomers say a shot fired on the equator of Jupiter would travel at a rotary motion with a speed 46 times greater than that of a cannon ball fired at the earth's equator. How can they prove it?

The toad poison has been found by Schultz (*Nature*) to be excreted by special glands in the skin, entirely distinct from the mucous glands, and which are confined to the back of the body, limbs and head. The poison acts as an anæsthetic.

A most remarkable alloy of gold and aluminum is now under the examination of scientists. It is of a beautiful, rich purple color. This royal metal will make a handsome addition to those now used for purposes of adornment. From all accounts it seems amendable to the methods of jewelers in making their gold ornaments.

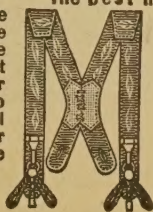
A gigantic tunnel, which is estimated to cost \$750,000 and require ten years to finish, is being constructed in the Leadville mining district for the purpose of draining mines. It will be at least five miles long, and will, when completed, leave to easy access millions of tons of good ore that cannot be properly got at and probably never can be handled without the use of proper drainage.

An ingenious contrivance for stopping a vehicle when the horse runs away has recently been patented by a German inventor, and is now to be seen in working order at the German Exhibition. By means of a lever working under the feet of the driver, a self-acting spring brake is set in motion, effectually stopping the vehicle. The mechanism is extremely simple, and yet it is guaranteed to work successfully. The harness can also be made to detach itself instantaneously, and thus free the horse without danger to the driver or the vehicle.



every sense is embodied in the Lace Back Suspender. But be sure you get the genuine, with the above trade-mark. You couldn't be hired to wear any other after using it. If your dealer don't keep it, send us a dollar and we'll mail you a pair, but try the dealer first. None genuine without the above stamp.

Lace Back Suspender Co.,
67 Prince Street, N. Y.



U
want the best,
The best in

ONE WHO KNOWS

Their value as a cathartic, is always enthusiastic in praise of Ayer's Pills. It would be impossible, indeed, to over-estimate their merits. They contain all that is needful in a thoroughly reliable family medicine.



found an absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."—J. O. WILSON, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

"I am never without a box of Ayer's Pills in the house."—Mrs. EDWIN BARTOW, 425 Bristol street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists.

A FORTUNE

Inherited by few, is pure blood, free from hereditary taint. Catarrh, consumption, rheumatism, scrofula, and many other maladies born in the blood, can be effectually eradicated only by the use of powerful alteratives. The standard specific for this purpose—the one best known and approved—is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the compound, concentrated extract of Honduras sarsaparilla and other blood-purifiers and tonics.

"I consider that I have been saved several hundred dollars' expense, by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly urge all who are troubled with lameness or rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure it will do them permanent good, as it has done me."—Mrs. JOSEPH WOOD, West Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.
Has Cured Others, Will Cure You.

ADVERTISE SUCCESSFULLY.

Stack

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FREE.

SUPERB FORM.
LOVELY COMPLEXION.
PERFECT HEALTH.

These are my portraits, and on account of the fraudulent air-pumps, "wafers," etc., offered for development, I will tell any lady FREE what I used to secure these changes. HEALTH (cure of that "tired" feeling and all female diseases) Superb FORM, Brilliant EYES and perfectly Pure COMPLEXION assured. Will send sealed letter. Avoid advertising frauds. Name this paper, and address Mrs. ELLA M. DENT, STATION B, San Francisco, Cal.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

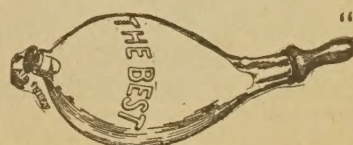
Patented

Manifold

Hygienic Underwear.

Ventilated Inter-Air-Space Clothing.

Adapted to all climates and all variations of temperature. Sold by leading merchants in all principal cities. Illustrated catalogue mailed free on application to HARDEFOLD FABRIC CO., TROY, N. Y. Mention this Magazine.



"The Best" Nourisher

prevents sickness, wind colic, indigestion; is self-cleansing, easy drawing and cheap.

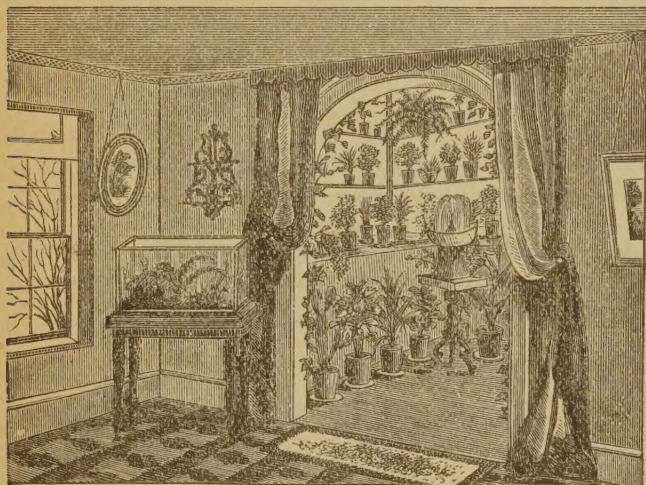
Endorsed and used by highest medical authorities. Once try "The Best" and you will tolerate no other. Insist on your Druggist getting it for you. Descriptive circular free. MANIFOLD N. CO., 291 Church Street, New York, Manufacturer.



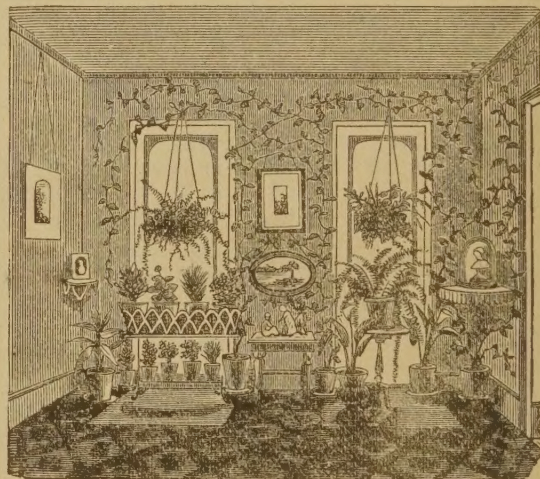
A MISAPPREHENSION REMOVED.

LORD RUNNYMEDE: Aw—Miss Twumbull, I fawncy now, you weject my suit because you have no wank. That is verwy inconsistent for an Amerwican, you know. I fawncied an Amerwican girl would fawncy herself my equal, and tell everbody my birth was a mere accident, you know.

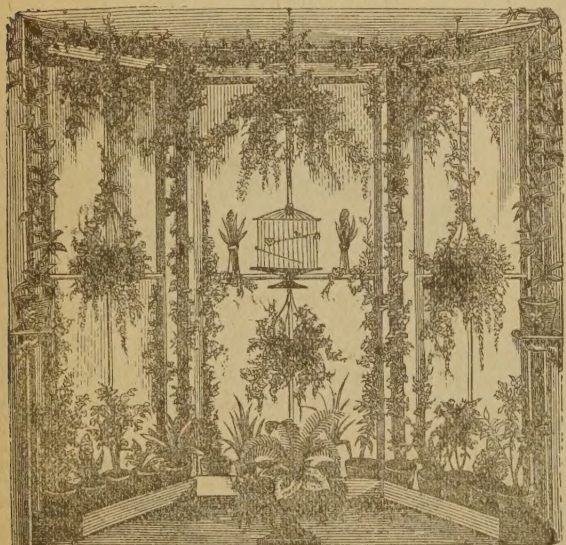
MISS TRUMBULL: Oh, no, Lord Runnymede. I wouldn't disparage your birth in the least. I don't think it was a mere accident—it was a regular catastrophe.—*Life*.



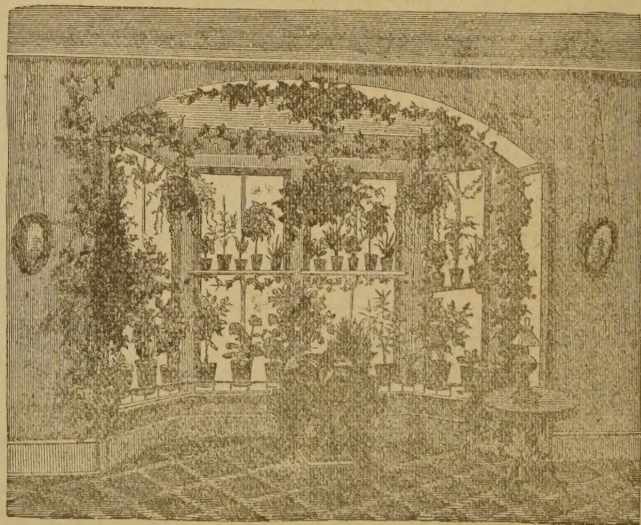
WINDOW GARDEN WITH ARCH AND CURTAINS.



THE GARDEN AT THE WINDOW.



THE BAY WINDOW GARDEN.



BAY WINDOW WITH ARCH.

WINTER WINDOW GARDENS.

At the request of several correspondents, we give above some suggestive ideas for arranging plants in the winter, reproduced from photographs of actual windows. Such bright sunny places help to make home attractive.

The Manly Girl.

She wore her brother's shirts and ties,
His collars, too, I swear,
And e'en his natty boating cap
Was perched upon her hair.
And he, converted to his use
Her sash of ribbon red,
And wore her tennis hat besides
Upon his curly head.
They looked alike so very much
You'd scarce know one from t'other,
So I don't know to which I "popped,"
The sister or the brother.

—Boston News.

THIS AND THAT.

The best article we have seen on American tin-plate was custard pie.—*Dansville Breeze.*

Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.—*Sigourney.*

"I have taken a number of degrees," said the thief as he pocketed a lot of thermometers.—*Baltimore American.*

A Parisian electrician has succeeded in forcing violets by the aid of his battery, and recently sent a bunch of these fledglings only four hours old to the ex-Empress Eugenie.

A Kentucky man wants to sell to the World's Fair the rip-saw Abraham Lincoln used in sawing the timbers for his log cabin. Why not exhibit also the axe with which each new Admin-

istration chops off official heads.—*Indianapolis News.*

The colored citizens of Georgia are gradually gaining in the total wealth of the State. They return for taxation this year 15 per cent. more than they did last year. Then they returned \$12,322,003. This year they have returned \$14,196,735 worth of taxable property, out of a total in the State of \$402,000,000.

The cable road on Broadway, New York, will in a few weeks throw 6000 horses out of a job. The horses, however, do not feel so badly about it as the harness manufacturers, who look with some trepidation on the constant inroads that electricity and power are making in a line that has yielded considerable business in the past.

The biggest blast in the history of Connecticut was recently touched off at a quarry in Meriden. The blasters drilled many holes into one side of the quarry, implanted 500 pounds of dynamite therein and fired it. A mass of rock estimated to have weighed 3,000 tons was sent rolling down the mountain side, and the detonation was heard many miles.

If it were possible for man to construct a globe 800 feet in diameter, or, say, twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and to place upon any part of its surface an atom one-four thousand three hundred and eightieths of an inch in diameter and one one-hundred and twentieth of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportion man bears to the earth upon which he stands. If you don't believe it try it yourself.

THE ROMANCE OF CHRISTMAS

As illustrated in the Wild and Woolly West, can only be imagined by one reflecting on boyhood days, provided he was a very bad boy, without vicious habits. The sparkling snap of electricity is nowhere, compared with the Christmas Great Divide. Among the good things, illustrated, of course, in our particular way, are The Phantom Steer, a thrilling illustrated story of Cowboy life on the plains, by J. M. Hanks, an old-time cowboy; Mid Snow; Ice and Sunshine in the Rockies;

Queer Indians: Chief Gall, the greatest orator of the Sioux nation; Spotted Tail; Horse Thief, a famous Mescalero; Little Old Boy, curious dwarf; Chief White Buffalo, a Red Cloud; Silver Talk, the poet of the Navajoes; Avolistine, a Jicarillo Indian. All of the above are illustrated direct from photo-negatives, which assures absolute accuracy. Starting original illustrations and articles too numerous to mention, on Rocky Mountain scenery, minerals, mines, crystals, relics, natural wonders, caves, grotesque and marvelous works of nature, burning rock and wild flowers, complete the Christmas GREAT DIVIDE.

**20 Gem Stones
FREE**

As a premium with
THE

Great Divide

The Gemstones are as follows: Cameo, Goldstone, Tiger Eye, Sard-Onyx, Fancy Crocodilites, Ribbon Agate, Carnelian, Jewel Agate, Satin Spar (the peer of Moonstone), Montana Moss Agate, Agate for sleeve buttons, Green Moss Agate, Striped Agates, Jewel Onyx, Petrified Wood, etc. These Gemstones are cut and polished ready for jewelry mounting, and are given free to each new subscriber, if \$1.00, price of yearly subscription, is sent before January 1, 1892. Each Gemstone is honestly worth 50 cents, and some cannot be bought for \$1 each of any jeweler, and the total value is over \$10. You naturally say, "Can this be true?" We positively guarantee to refund your money if you are not fully satisfied.

The most novel Christmas present you can possibly buy for yourself or to give to a friend is a year's subscription to **The Great Divide**. It is only a dollar a year, including the Twenty Gemstone premium.

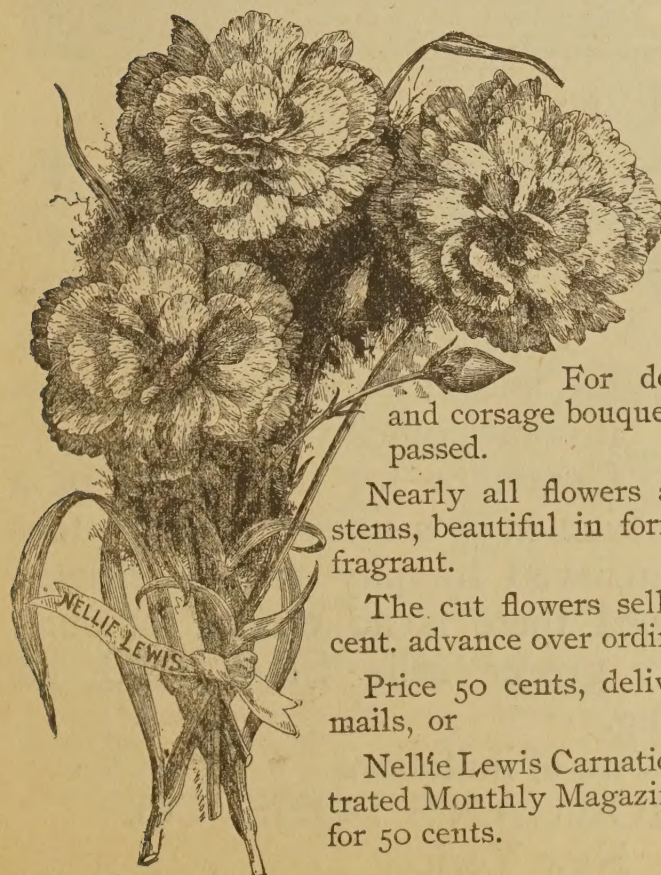
MARVELOUS as this inducement seems, you may rest assured it is genuine, or the publishers of this magazine would not print this advertisement; therefore send \$1.00 today for a year's subscription, and the twenty Gemstones will be sent the same day your order is received. Sample copy, 10 cents. Always address,

THE GREAT DIVIDE,
5116-18 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

Elegant Pink Carnation AS A PREMIUM.

"NELLIE LEWIS."

A MARVEL OF BEAUTY.



The color is like that of a young girl blushing, with its delicate pink, shading off with white, the whole making an exquisite shade never before seen among Carnations.

For decorative purposes and corsage bouquets, they are unsurpassed.

Nearly all flowers are borne on long stems, beautiful in form and exquisitely fragrant.

The cut flowers sell readily at 50 per cent. advance over ordinary kinds.

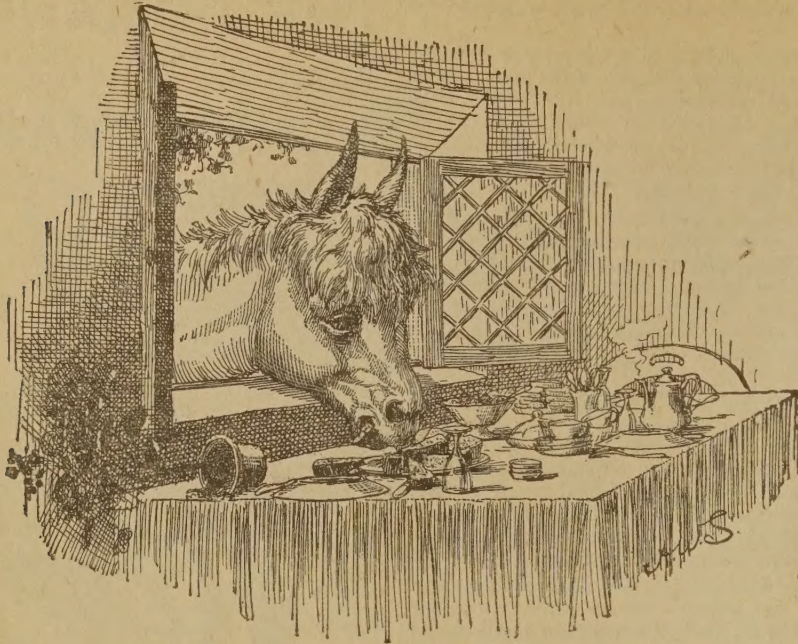
Price 50 cents, delivered through the mails, or

Nellie Lewis Carnation and Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, one year—both for 50 cents.



20 Gemstones Free.

The Great Divide "Sets People Talking."



AN UNWELCOME THANKSGIVING GUEST.

NEW, RARE AND BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL PLANTS
From Florida and the West Indies. They will delight every lover of choice plants and flowers. Elegant Palms and Orchids; Gorgeous Foliage Plants; and the Newest and Choicest Flowering Bulbs, offered at prices within the reach of everyone.

Our Introductory Collection this season consists of three Handsome Palms: *Chamaerops excelsa*, *Latania Borbonica*, and *Oreodoxa regia*; the beautiful *Amaryllis equitris*; the wonderful *Spider Lily*; the large and curious *Pine-apple Air Plant*; the *Butterfly Orchid*; *Red Spanish Pineapple*, and *Orchid Canna*. Any one of these will be sent for **20 Cents**, or the entire collection, securely packed and postpaid, for only **\$1.00**. Our elegant illustrated Catalogue of hundreds of choice and new plants gives explicit directions for the care and culture of Tropical Plants, and, as heretofore, is sent free to all our customers, and to every intending purchaser.

THE AMERICAN EXOTIC NURSERIES,
R. D. HOYT, MANAGER, Seven Oaks, Florida.

OUR BULBS always GROW.

Christmas Package.

6 Winter-flowering Plants
4 Choice Gladiolus,
A charming Christmas present—all for \$1.00.

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
Rochester, N. Y.

PRIZE CONTEST!
\$200 IN AWARDS

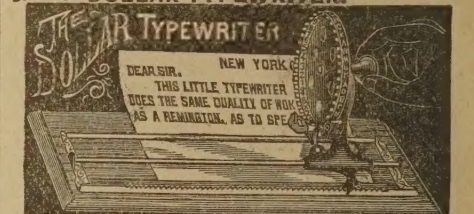
We wish to demonstrate to the world the great utility of our new idea as a **TYPEWRITING MACHINE FOR GENERAL USE** and are willing to pay for the co-operation of a few young people. We want to make a collection of a few hundred letters written on the **DOLLAR TYPEWRITER** and agree to present each of the 125 persons whose letters are **BEST EXECUTED** in all respects, in their order of merit, a souvenir varying in value from \$35 to 50c.

PRIZES are, briefly, as follows:—1 \$35 Junior BICYCLE; 1 \$25 WALTHAM WATCH, gold filled case; 1 \$20 WALTHAM WATCH, coin silver; 1 \$10 SWISS WATCH, gold plated case; 3 \$8 Swiss WATCHES solid nickel cases; 5 lots of goods selected from our catalogue amounting to \$2.00 each lot; 40 lots of same, amounting \$1.00 each lot; 78 lots of same amounting to 50c. each lot. The Bicycle will accommodate either boy or girl. The Watches may be had suitable for either sex. Our catalogue illustrates a most attractive line of staple specialties, from which no one would be at loss to select suitable goods.

The contest is open to every purchaser of a **DOLLAR TYPEWRITER** from now to Feb. 15th 1892. A list of the winners will then be mailed the contestants and prizes promptly sent.

125 SPLENDID PRESENTS!

The prizes are many and chances great. ALL may not get a prize, but all will get a Typewriter which is a genuine prize in itself. If you wish you may have further details by applying to us, including catalogue and full descriptions of prizes, but "the early bird catches the worm" and "you will save time" by ordering at once—Don't sleep till you have sent for a **DOLLAR TYPEWRITER!**



A perfect and practical Type Writing machine for only ONE DOLLAR. Exactly like our regular Remington-type; does the same quality of work; takes a fool's cap sheet. Complete with paper holder, automatic feed, perfect type wheel & inking roll uses copying ink. Size 8x4 1/2 inches; weight, 12 oz.; Satisfaction guaranteed; Circulars free; AGENTS WANTED. Sent by express for \$1.00; by mail, 15c. extra for postage.

DYSPEPSIA. Advice sent FREE to any address. Food to eat. Food to avoid.
John H. McIlvain, Lowell, Mass. 14 years City Treasurer.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS
OR
HAIR AND SKIN.
ESTABLISHED 1801.

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.

All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.
BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York.

Confidential.

To our Friends and Customers:

If through some mistake you should fail to receive a copy of *Vick's Floral Guide 1892*, by the last of January, kindly notify us of the fact and a copy will be forwarded immediately, as we intend each regular customer shall have a copy, not only to select from, but that they may see what new things of real merit are being introduced.

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
Rochester, N. Y.



Shame!

Shame follows every neglect in life, and in neglect of cleanliness it comes quickly and forcibly.

Contempt for the owner of a dirty house, greasy kitchen or a filthy cooking utensil is contempt unrelieved by pity and unexcused by partiality. Indeed there is no excuse for such things when every grocer sells **SAPOLIO** for scouring and cleaning.

Beware of imitations.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.
New York.